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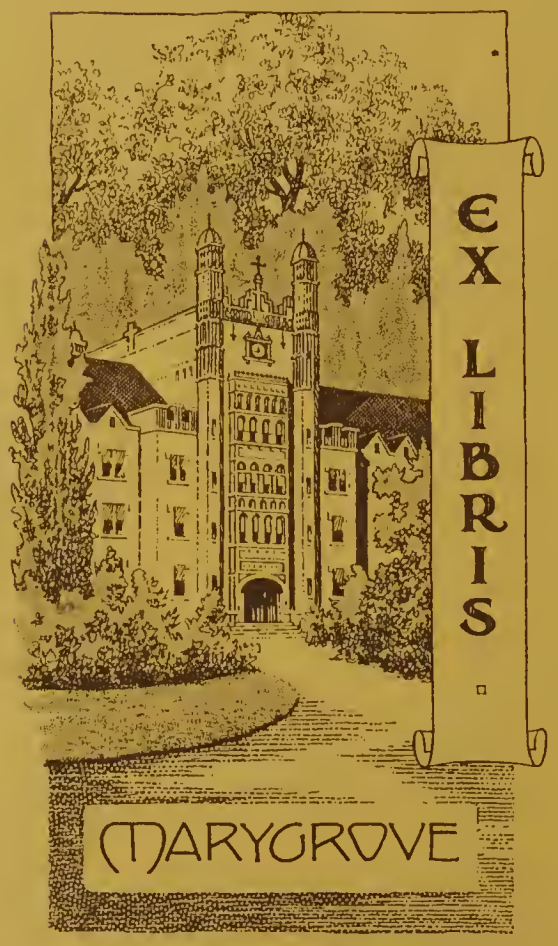
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SZUKALSKI

PROJECTS IN DESIGN

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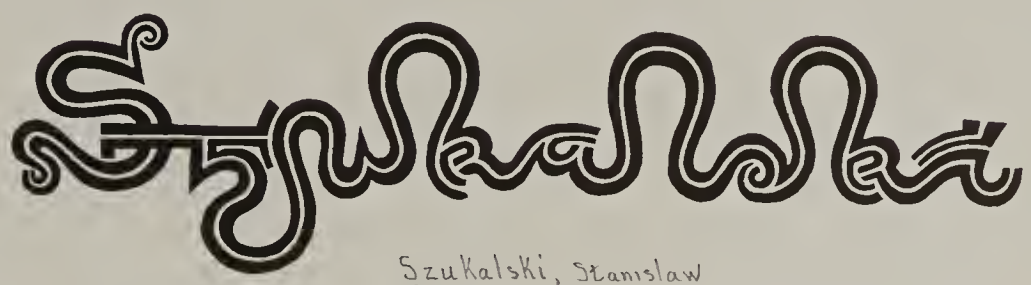

Szukalski, Stanislaw

PROJECTS IN DESIGN

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO

W. C. BOTH

THIS BOOK IS GENTLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

AS AN EARNEST EXPRESSION OF THE ADMIRATION

OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE THE

GOOD FORTUNE

TO NUMBER HIM AMONG

THEIR FRIENDS

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

STANISLAW SZUKALSKI is either worshiped or condemned—never treated with indifference. He is too dynamic to be ignored. His art may or may not please, but, expressing as it does his vivid, restless, imaginative personality, it must be considered in any study of present tendencies in art.

Szukalski is a Pole, born in Warta, December 3, 1895. His interest in plastic art became evident early in life, for when he was eight years old he began carving in soft limestone figures of animals and birds and occasionally human figures. When he was fourteen years old, he was admitted to the Krakovian Academy of Arts. His eccentric and defiant attitude became prominent when he was quite young, and by his own confession he was anything but a docile pupil. In fact he boasts of his non-conformity. He worked then, as now, just as he pleased, paying little attention to models and less to instruction. He is proud of the fact that he carefully protected his individuality. For many years he cautiously avoided books because he feared that they might exert an undue influence upon him and hinder the develop-

ment of his own personality and his own style. We may be sure that he shielded himself as well against the insidious suggestions of his instructors. In 1913, when he was eighteen, he left Poland to make his home in Chicago for the next decade. His first book, published in Chicago, appeared in 1923.

He is now living in Krakow, where, with a small group of followers, he is endeavoring to give expression to his ideas. His decision to leave America, however, did not mean that he was disgusted with the New World, as he found himself repelled by France and England. On the contrary, he sees in America the developing seat of culture. "At present," he writes, "there is no place where culture is generating except in the United States." Though he was ambitious to contribute something of value to the art and architecture of this country, he saw in Poland a more congenial environment. Perhaps he thought that ideas from abroad might be more welcome in America, and that acceptance of his work here would encourage its approval in Poland.

In *Projects* the author is giving expression to his ideas on architecture and sculpture, as well as to his philosophy. Here one finds nothing traditional, nothing conventional, nothing that is merely a following of other artists. His works sometimes have no meaning in the usual sense, because of his peculiar, subjective symbolism, but they are always original and always reveal his mastery. His contribution to

art is his freshness and vigor, his ability to break away from the old and trite and to launch forth upon his own creations, unshackled by tradition. His genius is erratic, ranging from the simple but practical idea for a coin that will not roll into inaccessible nooks to unique plans for monumental skyscrapers and for entire cities.

Szukalski's development is revealed by the contrast of his first book, published when he was twenty-eight years old, with the present volume, which has been awaiting publication four years.

Szukalski has long been distressed by American skyscrapers, as well as by other architecture of the past three or four centuries. The skyscraper architect especially, he feels, has neglected his opportunities. Architecture has been dominated by the engineer, interested only in the scientific aspects. There have been some exceptions, especially in recent years, but for a long period the ugly boxlike monstrosity held sway. Evidence is not lacking that the artist is at last beginning to take his rightful place beside the engineer, to the great relief of the public. Nevertheless the architect is still hesitant and uncertain of his mastery of modern materials, steel and concrete, and their possibilities.

Something daring and worthy of the age is demanded by Szukalski. Many of his architectural projects are unusually beautiful; needless to say, all are original and distinctive. From a lovely design

for a column to the plan for a magnificent, towering structure, he shows his genius in architectural concepts. Not content with an adaptation of something older, he offers new and stimulating plans worthy of materialization. With unfettered imagination he develops fascinating and striking ideas which should surely have some effect upon the trends in architecture.

Szukalski's work is not to be copied or imitated. Either would be contrary to his theories of art education. He believes that in every human being lies, usually dormant, an instinct to be creative. This instinct, according to his principles, should not be suppressed by discouraging the child with the perfection of great art, but rather should be developed by an understanding and encouragement of his first crude attempts. If any art is to be shown to the young student, it should be of a primitive kind, to encourage rather than discourage by comparison. The teacher should never try to direct the natural form of expression or curb originality by diverting it into channels of imitation. Thus the beginner is to be taught to see and express that which is within himself as well as external forms. These theories are open to criticism (Szukalski would scorn placid acceptance of his own ideas as well as those of antiquity), but they are worthy of attention in this age of mass production by standardized methods in schools as well as in factories. When all pupils, regardless of their innate abilities, are

forced to go through the same courses of instruction, to be cast in the same mold, this demand for individuality in education is a welcome relief, and should be heeded. Perhaps his pedagogical theories are subject to improvement; certainly our system of rigid requirements and factory methods which take no account of differences in pupils cannot be considered satisfactory.

Whether or not one approves of Szukalski's art and theories, it must be admitted that his influence is in large part wholesome. Through his creative imagination, his passionate individuality, and his originality, he is protesting valiantly against the smothering weight of tradition and the deadly grip of formality in education and appreciation. Art may not follow his lead, but it must be somewhat freed and rejuvenated by his zeal. If his rebellion against intrenched conservatism frequently leads him to extreme and absurd lengths, his justification is that at least he offers originality and individuality, always rare, always needed, and all too often hated when discovered. The radical innovator has always been feared and fought in his own age, to be esteemed as a hero and a great man in the next. To predict Szukalski's fate at the hands of future generations would be foolhardy. In our own day we know that he is honored by a few followers and despised by the great majority. Nevertheless we must appreciate his struggle against sluggishness and inertia, his burning zeal to

strike out into the unknown, and his desire to create something new, whether or not we believe that his attempts are all made in the right direction.

ROGER A. CRANE

PREFACE

I WISH no one to think that I present my work as an example of the method one should employ to become an artist. This would be ridiculous and futile. I do what I can; had I greater powers, I should exploit them to the best of my ability. My work satisfies me because it is the product of the utmost effort of which I am capable. That it does not seem to be of any great worth should not prejudice anyone against the value of the advice which I am about to give. Were I a military man, and no artist at all, my words would carry the same intrinsic weight. I may climb as high as my powers allow and no higher, but another individual, more able, may, guided by this advice, soar far beyond my vision. I am willing cheerfully to submit to your criticism and will go so far as to consider myself an inferior artist or sculptor, but I shall never permit any questioning of the worth of my program or the value of my theories.

The two elements which make for culture and progress are initiative and patronage, or, in other words, invention and its support. In every country there may be found a great number of inventors,

initiators, and innovators. The "crude" nation, which means the one with a future, has a particularly great abundance of these, since survival is dependent upon invention, or is, at least made easier by it. It is the backing, the financial and sympathetic support, that makes one nation superior to others, because it is this which proves her greater progressiveness. There are more inventors and innovators than willing and anxious backers. And the land which will become the leader of its neighbors is the one which has the greatest proportion of wealthy citizens who have the foresight and courage to finance the projects of the innovators. At least the greatness of a nation and the progress which she makes is dependent upon the willingness of a small group of practical visionaries to risk their money and sympathy in the backing of a project, untried and unproved, existing only in the mind of the artist. The initiative is a revolution, the backing is the conservative effort of the stabilizing element of the race, or nation, to preserve a new and efficient weapon for use in the struggle for survival.

This faith in unproved projects, this trust in fantastic ideas and schemes, has been developed into an extraordinary talent in this country and makes the United States of Tom Paine the greatest marvel of the ages. It is this faith which makes her marvelous, not the multiplying of inventions. This made her listen to Tom Paine and all

the foreigners who came to her, for she knew how to become what they wished her to be. A survey of all the great inventors which America has had will show an overbalancing proportion of foreigners who could not get a hearing among their own people. They left their own countries after coming to the conclusion that it matters not what nation reaps the fruit of their efforts as long as they are allowed to spend their lives in useful and sustained labor. No nation deserves the sacrifice of even two years wasted in enforced idleness. And so these men must make a dramatic decision when, seeing their genius spurned in their native land, they determine to offer their service to a foreign land and to a people which will allow their genius to develop to its highest capacity in a friendly atmosphere.

If we change a definition and thereby alter the process of thinking in a student's mind we will change his convictions, then his emotions, then the beating of his heart, and his temperature, and then, in a successive procession, we will note revised contractions of heart, revised emotions, convictions, thinking, and a differently formed personality. Change the common definitions and one has a revised and rejuvenated society. Behold Pilsudski, Mussolini, Kemal Pasha, the Titans who bring about successful changes! Russia today first starts a revolution, then attempts to change the definitions; and the soil runs red with blood. This method she uses in order to intimidate people

into accepting new definitions, but she makes the mistake of seeking to convince her people with the assistance of the bayonet. The change is superficial and expressed only with the lips; the hearts of the people are not fortified by the hypocrisy of fear and hatred.

Hidden in definitions are sleeping the most powerful essences of change and the most significant potentialities of a germ. These are born out of the love for the future in the minds of lowly individualists. The definition newly formulated is, by its clarity, like the silent, but almighty, first quiver inside of a dynamo. Like an inverted pyramid of effects, of consequences, multiplied in geometric progression, it rests upon its own pinnacle.

One of my young colleagues proposed, in his anxiety to proceed with the forming of our program of aims, the formulation of a defined ideal, a sort of declaration of our faith which might serve as a compass for other youths. To such a demand I answer that I am concerned only in the undermining of old and harmful definitions and in the making of new ones. Chiefly I wish to cultivate a distaste and a contempt for the old definitions by automatically comparing them with the new and plainly told. Almost all the definitions we have are of foreign origin and obsolete, of exhausted stock. Of late we have been directing our tastes and laying the foundation for our artistic pedagogy in accordance with the French way of looking at things.

How can a youth adopt, and be happy with, an outlook on love, if he follows the old "roué"? I wish to be able at any cost or means to inspire the young to stop looking at the "wonderful" foreigners. For the foreigner has shrunk below our knees' level. I suffer a burning fury when people speak of our unjustly upheld degradation. The time has come to look only at one's own level and not at one's extended horizon. Let our fathers' institutions and their blinded leaders serve their self-determined inferiorities, but we who are young must loose our contempt upon them and defy their advice or commandments to refrain, even if these are flung at us with damnation from heaven, Paris, or the greasy desk of a professor. If they will not let us have picks to dig deep into our own soil and mine the dormant treasures, we will do it with our nails and cover the blatant traitors to our land's future with rubbish.

First of all we must dig into the specific personality of our nation and bring forth our own composite metal and utilize it for making the tools and implements that need such a composite, so that our liberty may be preserved and defended by those tools. Only then will we give proof to the claim that we deserve liberty and the name of a nation. We must bring a fattened gift as an offering to the altar of universal usefulness—but a gift created by, and related to, our worth, and not an offering from a neighbor who is in a state of senility.

We must create conditions that will give stimulating assistance, like the soil, to the new ideals. Conditions are the soil, definitions are the seeds. When the planting is done we may go unconcernedly to our rest—for others will come who will prove superior to us, prenatally circumscribed to a new spirit of usefulness and personal contentment. Then will come others who can tell what they long for most, and they will set their own ideals. We need only liberate them of the shape-deforming, rigid molds and perverting bonds. We are out with our shields, not to reflect dead people's inglorious decadence but to reflect the sun upon our paths. My concern is to create new conditions by putting in motion a privately elaborated program primarily concerned with the stimulating of a new temperature—a new conditioning climate—so that new vegetation will create itself in outstanding fashion. We undermine the old and—for our day—fallacious definitions, and give new ones, precisely formed; we give birth to deeds, which may themselves be of insignificant physical dimensions, since they are but causes. Therefore, to wield the "great" changes is a simple work of prophetic wisdom. Why the average man (educated or not) recognizes the deed only in the form of results is because he is a consumer. If we ask him to join the movement he thinks immediately of lifting the heavier end of the pyramid. He compares his own actual size to the actual and utilitarian results and sees himself insignificant.

He therefore condemns any unproved idea as impossible. Being of a quantitative type of mentality, he thinks instinctively of his share of manual work. He thinks of the number of bricks he would have to carry to make a Chinese wall, and of his share of the sweat, whereas the conception may well have been conceived by a cripple stretched permanently on a board. A prisoner may make a program for a liberating revolution. A lowly Copernicus can, in his insignificant Kracowian attic room, rearrange, like a naughty boy, the planetary system which, like a jeweler's show window, was hung with glass diamonds. The whole assortment of ridiculous but vicious gods, jealously guarding the display in their window, have ready the entire arsenal of hells and demons, yet are not able to stop his human hand from hurling the sun where he chooses, and from puncturing the limitations of their universe with his Polish blue eyes gleaming with the vision of an untamed barbarian who dares.

There are two primary categories of mind—that of the producers or the innovators, and that of the consumers or perpetrators of "what was." This applies equally to nations. By invitation of superior cultures, we vegetate "safely" within the lining of their stomachs. By initiating our own concepts of life, we become even the superiors of our gods, whom we invent. For *homo sapiens* is the only creator, below and above the stars, because he can plan and foresee.

If we would have a living art we must cut short the nonsense that the public "does not know what beauty is." If we use the word "public" to name the so-called intellectual class, then this accusation is correct, for this portion of today's society is guided in its taste by the fake brotherhood of artistic failures. This brotherhood has for the last thirty years led a "posse," a raid against the public, to attain the complete subjugation of art. In place of bloodhounds, the literary failures are employed. No wonder this unnecessarily intellectual class is as wrong in all assumed views as are their aesthetic leaders, the mangy art critics. The figures of ancient Greek Tanagra, for grace, are considered to be the most beautiful out of all the art epochs, yet they were made in thousands with the specific intent of pleasing the public taste of the "bourgeois" and the villager. They were pressed in the molds in order to appease the commercial appetite. It was a purely commercial art, just as is the gay music of America.

Let us look at the conditions that led to the only living art of our times. American music is the only modern music, besides the Russian, that is worth listening to. Who will claim that a music which needs trickery and intimidation in order to force the audience to attend its performance is an art? It condemns its own case when it ridicules those who are not swept off their feet by its vitality, melodiousness, or rhythm. Why damn the youth who cannot be attracted to

an ugly, tactless, graceless, and unappealing woman, especially if she has been conspicuous on the street corners? He most certainly must be a simpleton if he can be brought to her, bound hand and foot by apologies, called by the condescending names of "stupid," "dumb," "imbecile," "Babbitt." This tricky argument is used not only by the brotherhood of the idle poor—the artists of today—but as well by the moderns—the audience. One does not now need to paint or model—he can just be a modernistic appreciator and this alone makes his opinions as valuable. If jazz can creep into our veins and loosen the tightness of our snobbishness, it most certainly must be an art—and of the first magnitude. Just because it is a music of humor and joyous ridiculousness, it does not follow that it is not an art. All things serious and funereal do not necessarily deserve the name of art. Art need not be sad or somber, as we see from the merry devils of the Romanesques. There is no one mood that can monopolize the right to make of the work of a craftsman an art.

In my opinion, therefore, jazz is the first appearance of real art since the Gothic. It is homogeneous, and as pure blooded as the great art of the virile Goths of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The originality of forms developed in the last six years surpasses the classics, which had in great measure an inherited musical vocabulary, a product accumulated through generations, not invented to suit a

new taste, as in America, but rather because of a desire on the part of composers to change the public taste. We will remember the public protestation at the appearance of Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Debussy, Stravinski, and many in between. The extraordinary originality of the new-born art of jazz holds the civilized world of today hypnotized by it; there is no city, no town where its unheard-of vitality does not move the orchestras and cradle the old putrefying Europe. Who was the fool who cracked the joke that the dull commotion of noises composed by Gustav Mahler and his similars is music and even art! Jazz is an art of living people; its syncopation is not a sign of barbarity (erroneously claimed to be African), but a symptom of the soaring sophistication and the elaborate measure that express the evolved taste of the highest civilization of the present world. Within ten years jazz will give forth its natural descendant, the symphony, the quartette, the solo, the somber and triumphant forms that will dazzle us with the vitality of a full-grown magnificence. And the flat-footed catering class of ever artificial enthusiasts—the intellectuals—will deny and retract their present damnations.

It is curious that it is not the department of education or art that advances music in America, that creates an American music; it is not the director of a conservatory of music, or the philanthropic donations for the best compositions; it is not the board of musical authori-

ties who insist on being the most qualified advisers; but the ordinary and business-minded publisher—the uncultured, the commonplace personality that sleeps with a cigar in his mouth. He is the only one who can trace what the public likes and what will succeed.

The young, swanky maker of jazz is considered by the intelligentsia of America to be a human species not to be invited to a really refined home where music of the modernists is played and listened to, yet he is a real creator. To him success comes without the pompous title of composer, or the stuffy air of lecture halls, conservatories, or the arrogance of great masters who, themselves, do nothing without medals and pretentious audiences. He is an urchin disrespectfully joyous (think of the creative trance of the classic composer doing his posing on the sea shore—the storm raging—and his long hair, and the autumn leaves) who cares not for the medals, the philistine ladies in the boxes (yawning). And he cares still less for the title of artist, for he is one. It is greater fun to be an artist than to be called one by a somnolent to be aroused only by the clamor of drums.

Music is not the same as literature. Music gives pleasure. It does not philosophize, therefore that music which has the greatest audience is the greatest, for it more than any other art has the power to convert wilful disbelievers. The youthful "enfant terrible," the composer of jazz, is playing the music of America, since only that

which is "sure to go" is published. He kicks the belly of tradition and the useless intellectual perverts, the dishonest culture-climbers, and is off to different spiritual pastures. Of what use all the tricky propaganda of the modernist charlatans, and their lectures-propaganda among the newly cultured; to what advantage the campaign of ridicule and intellectually administered intimidation? The modernists are the last belch of musical Old Europe. To what event was all this musical nightmare of American music, the only, as well as the most, modern, which has swept through and brought the whole world to the feet of her cultural supremacy—and this without the invading army of the commissaries of modernism.

Common sense is an ordinary word for wisdom. But wisdom, as all else, has its degrees. In the common sense of the public—of its taste—is hidden the future of the sustaining juices of living culture, political supremacy, and, through it, usefulness to mankind. Therefore, the modernists, as we have them now, are traitors to their country, for they bring a disintegrating influence into the healthy body of their land. Modernism has brought money to France and caused her name to resound, but it has killed culture there and infected other lands.

An increasing desire to speak on these vital subjects to an audience larger than the usual small group of my immediate associates makes me talkative and, at the same time, hopeful that these thoughts

may persuade some influential personage or group of men, who in the degree of their conviction, will do all to advance and assist these projected changes. Initiative plus Assistance equals Culture. Like a bruised birch tree that pours out with abandon (probably abundantly) her vital juices, I would discourse endlessly on these subjects. Look at the harm done about you and about your grandparents. Weigh the human material wasted, then look forward and attempt to see what will be and what could be.

This was to be a preface, but I could not keep still. I'd rather that the works reproduced here serve only as an excuse to say these things.

The only way to produce a culture of our own is to force the new generation to find it within the walls of its own heart.

Starve the tame crow and she will fly to the fields for food.

Exact sciences can best be acquired where we can form the most advanced posts, for science is universal, being utilitarian, and exact, since it is impersonal and not interpretive. But ethics and aesthetics should be our own, coming from our national or individual impulses. Only then will they suit the roofs of our mouths and walk to the tempo of our hearts.

And so that it may be great it must also be a cultured political force; by its stylistic persuasiveness it must conquer the onlookers,

thus coloring the neighboring countries and inspire the subconscious orientation day and night, in this direction, where is the sun and a culture-radiating people. As it was once with Athens, Rome, and Paris so it is now with the United States.

A country must have her own pace, and be of such a personality that the world changes its pace in order to be in step with her. Drive away rain-bringing clouds, and men will dig wells to get water.

Build the Chinese wall all around the mind of the art student, do not show him the masterpieces of the past until he himself is able to create his own primitives, and you will oblige him to invent a new, worthy, native art. If we would show a student works of art, let us choose the primitives, without regard for one especial style, so that he may regard these with confident calm and be bold to venture his own unproved ability hoping to do as well as, if not better than, these. Let us set him, without his knowing it, into the boots of his creator. The uncultivated person does not even suspect the work of a peasant of today or of antiquity of being art, or consider the maker an artist. He, accordingly, has no fear of attempting to do as well or better, since he regards these works with condescension. When he makes his first piece he rushes to all his friends to show his masterpiece, for "not being an artist, I made so beautiful a thing." His assurance is that, since he is not an artist, almost anything he makes is good, for one should not ex-

pect anything of an untrained man. We should refrain from constant talk about the execution of the student (most is shallow in conception), for by doing this we only strike doubt into the heart of the student. You must slyly implant self-assurance into his makeup, for he is not a child of primitive people, but a civilized product, who, through comparison of the mounting miracles of technic, and the neck-breaking virtuosity of the Renaissance artists, is exposed more quickly to paralysis of his frail hopes. Have him rather approach with confident eye and step the figures in clay of your country peasant-art, or the carvings, pottery, woven tissues of the ancient Babylonians, Mycenaeans, Sassanids, Mayas, Toltecs, or Aztecs. Show these and thus prove that to sing a song to one's god or a sweetheart one needs not academies, professors, or grammar.

When a child is dying and the mother is deaf and dumb will she be expressing herself without feeling to the deity because she is not an opera singer?

I wish only to propose, and to assist in unraveling out of the ever-tightening Laocoönian strait-jacket thrown over us by fallacious and unnecessary education, the native instinct to be creative that is dormant in every human being.

One never really knows exactly what he wishes, or what he aims for until he tries to describe and elaborate it before a listener.

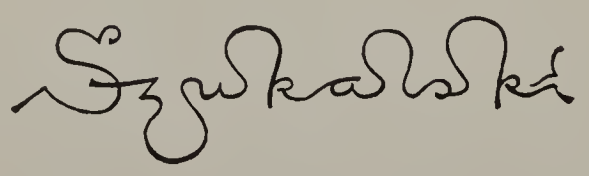
Then for the first time he sees plainly what it is. By debates listened to, and later by discussions participated in with the older convivial circle of men, the students will gradually learn their own individual leanings, and intensify their personalities; attack or defend ideas; and finally involve their hearts in selected interests, and use those interests as the subject matter for their art. The state of mind makes an artist, the craft makes him a sculptor, painter, or poet. I want him to be all in one, since that is *the Mind.*

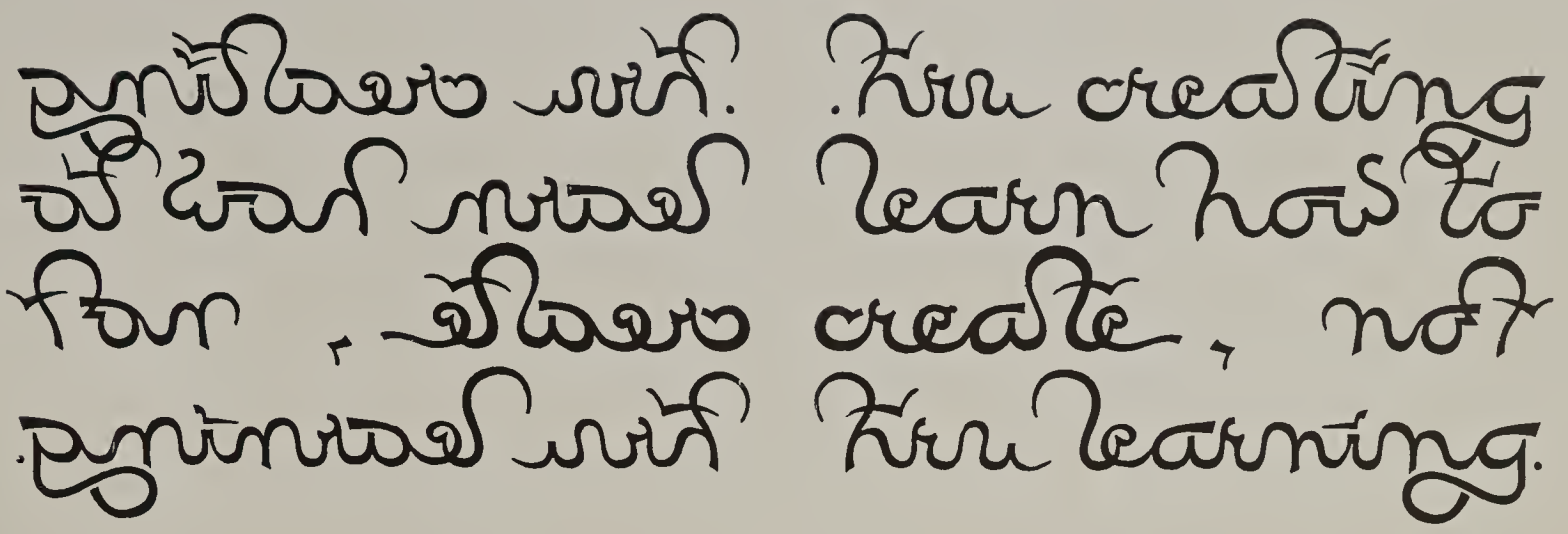
One of them will prove superior in clarity of perception, speech, and workmanship, and will be the leader, and will decide what is to be their mutual idea. The others will anxiously submit to his work; which is just, and as it should be.

A man will evolve many superior abilities once his mentality is set on the right track, for his aims will reach higher, and his skill become sharper and wider, and he will surpass his native endowments. The stupid will say of him "a born genius."

Spending of energy is multiplying it.

Multiplied ability makes man braver in planning his own destiny, and therefore in making the destiny of others.





I AM, after a long delay, obliged to proceed with the rather disagreeable task of writing about myself. I say "disagreeable," not with the intention of leading or misleading you to suspect, by the assumption of modesty, that you are facing real greatness; it is not that, but in my Introduction I know I am writing to strangers and I cannot, therefore, speak as freely about myself as I would wish, fearing that you, my stranger friends, being full of Christian love for equality, will throw this book into the scrap basket before turning another page.

To find an architect to write these introductory words I would have to search through all the countries of the world and through the last four centuries of time, and then I would not find one whose qualities and abilities would coincide with my definition of the word "architect." The last of them died with the Renaissance.

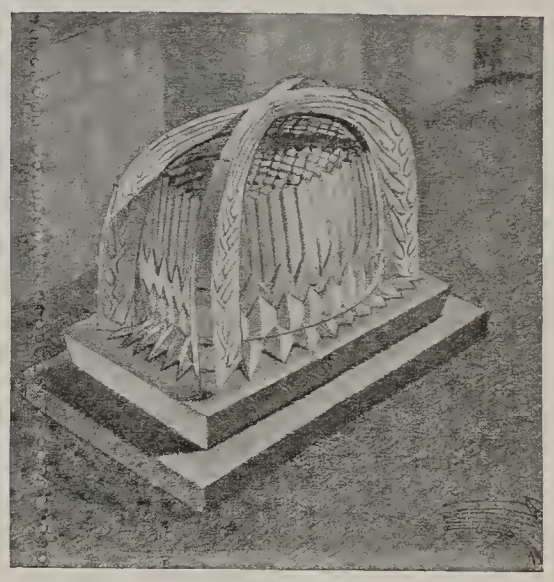
What makes an architect, in my conception of the term, is the aesthetic element in his work, not the constructional or utilitarian. The technical part of an architectural project can be taken care of by engineer or contractor, for theirs is a learnable science.

The function of the so-called architects for the last four hundred years has been largely parasitic; it has consisted of rehashing the ancient "motifs." Within that long space of time there has been invented not one decorative motif, not one new ornament. The more productive seasons, like the neo-Classic, the Empire, or the American Colonial, were beautiful, but with the beauty that was Greek; there was no new element to testify their creative productivity.

All other fashions, like the Barocco, the Rococo, the Biedemayer, the Vienna Secession, and the modern insipid constructionist styles, are only pitiable examples of what has been done by aesthetic impotents who, in the absence of the rightful masters, have entered the orphaned craft and shamelessly appropriated the title of architect.

The bad taste of architects is as proverbial as that of opera singers and economists. The recent addition of the "architect-interior decorator" has added nothing to the glory of the cult; they are no more architects than the others, but they come boldly and brazenly, with rouged lips and magenta manners. The good taste they sometimes display proves rather the senility of our culture than its virility.

We have made remarkable progress in the science of engineering; at least we do easily what once required tremendous effort; we do quickly what once was the work of years or decades. We can construct almost anything that our minds will conceive; and yet we have less and less real architecture. Instead of creating a new vocabulary that might eliminate the banal and the imitative from our architecture, we have added and catalogued more fake eccentricities.



The bad blood of democracy shows through on the surface, and her face is rough with boils. Her face is her architecture and it is often sickening to behold. Her cultural institutions defend their traditions tenaciously, but their decrepitude nevertheless asserts itself.

American and European polytechnics and academies have a marvelously efficient system for the annihilation of talent. The libraries of these institutions are filled to overflowing with information, data, and measurements of everything man has ever created, but they incubate engineers and technicians, not artist-creators. The average student has vastly more culture, more instructors and professors, more encyclopedic information than the humble villager,

Giotto; yet the student's vast amount of bad taste and lack of inventiveness is so pronounced that he could not qualify as a mere craftsman. If he were to be placed according to his stunted ability he would drift into some such unimaginative occupation as banking or cattle-tending.

What new concepts in architecture can we give, when in Poland, my country, the so-called aesthetes and "cultured" critics proudly proclaim Barocco as an Art, and its earmarks of obsolete good taste as a style; when the museums of Europe and America are still collecting and ponderously admiring the "beauty" of the dachshund legged furniture of Louis XVI? How can we call such institutions the havens of beauty if these atrocities are placed under the same roof and side by side with the works of great art? How can we take possession of our own future and fate if, instead of stimulating the haughty self-reliance that would make glowing innovators and irrepressible pioneers, we send the chosen youth of the land to Paris to continue the hypnotized victim's obedience to our predecessors? It is thus we sustain the infamous rôle of stagnant culture-scavengers.

When the arts are virile and creative they aid materially in the making of a new civilization—a new culture, but when the institutions of this civilization find it *necessary* to be loyal to traditions only, and foreign traditions at that, then hardening of the arteries begins; the flow of renovating conceptions is stifled and culture dies away—dies through her arts.

Literature, using words and phrases of exact form as a means of expression, is a pulse of culture, but the plastic arts are a kind of pre-pulse from whose beat one may prophesy, or sense, what the condition of the patient—civilization—will be. If a few wise men would "take" this pre-pulse, if they could get the school workshops and the pedagogy into their care and *control,* they could, by reversing the processes and intensifying the pulse, make it stronger and so bring the convalescent—civilization—to her rebirth.

In a desperate effort to be among the living, the blue-gray blooded nations, that were the leaders in this "delicating" civilization,

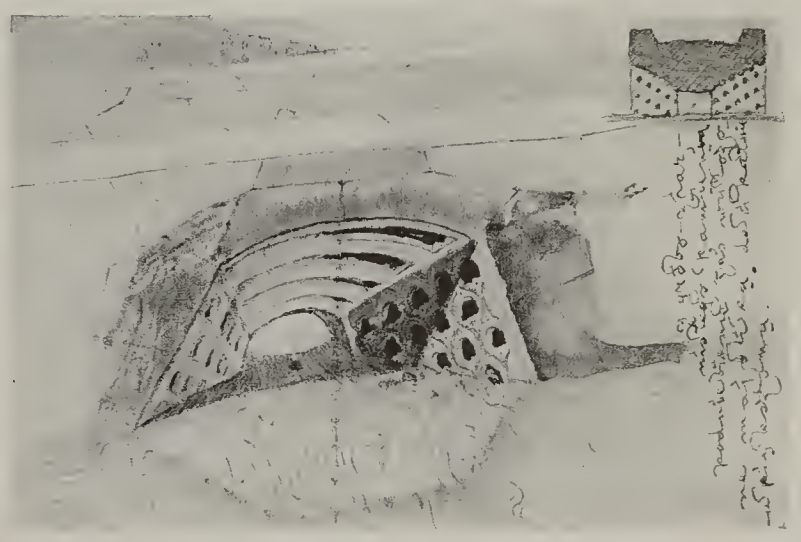
have made their final bow, and to us, the former barbarians, are left the "modernist" arts and the ever multiplying "isms" as their last souvenir. This is the best that Paris, Berlin, and London could give. It is not much (in whispers, let us speak), but the intention here is politely appreciated by us, the "barbarians."

The news of the encroaching death of Old Europe's culture is not abroad; thirty years will elapse before the self-conscious nations will learn of the fact. In the meantime, the stupidly self-doubting Poland, Norway, Turkey, Slovakia, Jugoslavia, United States, and all the others send their best sons, the youth of virile peoples, to Paris to study the ways of de-composition, to learn the "ideals" of the prostrate culture that has already laid the signature to her last testament. The youth of living people are learning to blow bubbles from the lips of the dying culture so as to carry them back into the veins of our mother-countries.

The misguided fathers and the stalactites, misnamed educational advisers, drive these swift-learning Tobiases to Paris, only to

have them return to their "blind fatherland" with empty hands and hearts, their freshness gone and their ambitions subdued so that they are quite content to follow any path that will acclaim their acquired mongrel cosmopolitanism.

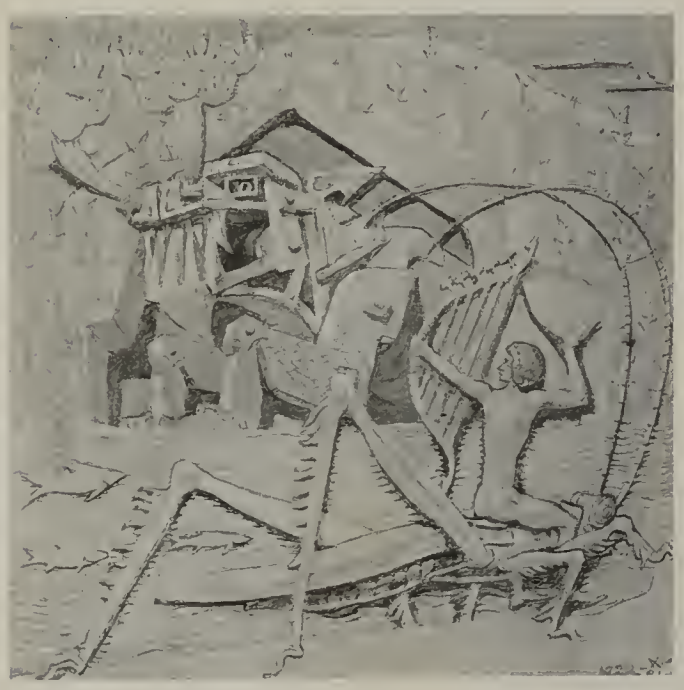
There is an urgent need of reforming the definitions of the words "genius," "talent," "art," "ability," and consequently changing the educational system, at least for the artists or the creative inventors. The prevailing program has persisted for almost four centuries. It has annihilated possibly thousands of great artists. We train more students in a year than the Middle Ages did in several centuries. If there survived a few worthy from among them it is in spite of this education, not because of it.



It is a modern phenomenon that a talent can "spoil itself," as it is contrary to the laws of nature for a superior mental institution, such as talent or genius, to choose detrimental alternatives if it is left to itself. An able mind will draw multipled good even out of half-good advice, as the worth is in the mind that can extract the juices of significance. If the talents, after entering the academy, fail to expand it is not

because of their own weakness, but because they are obliged to obey the advice of the much inferior mentalities of the professors.

In times past every profession had its own *accumulated wisdom of the trade* and by it saved the less wise apprentices from making foolish decisions and becoming failures; even a workman could then become an artist. Since ability is a purely human trait, hence common to all normal beings, *talent* is but a synonym. Wisdom is the only rare talent, as it covers judgment in all things. An apprentice was accepted by the master not on the basis of talent but for his *willingness* to work. What we now call "talent," they called a craft. But now even the unusually talented man is misguided by the learned simpletons; or, if he is afterward left to his own drifting and to choosing one of the numerous programs and schools, he always takes the fatal direction and so intensifies his misfortune. Art and the road to it is and ought to be as simple as eating, but the unequal capacity to hold the intellectual ballast of the bureaucrat-professors complicates the simple process of thinking for the



students, who eventually, following these guides, sink to the bottom like a sponge that can only absorb and be absorbed. This is good for the sponge but not for the man who is the only creator or re-creator.

It is native wisdom, or lack of it, that makes man what he will be, and not the amount of talent. *There is no talent besides wisdom, and work is its prophet.* If we place the apprentices under a wise tutelage they will *all* prove to have talent. If we place in academic institutions a hundred talents, as we do, all will prove failures but few, and the few will be merely mechanical technicians. We unjustly place the blame upon the unfortunate "talent" that failed; instead, we should condemn our harmful pedagogic system. It never assists with inspiring advice, but only exterminates the creative initiative and leaves the ideals dormant.

When the race declines and its vitality gives place to tradition and a lazy adherence to its established modes with a sporadic search for a philosopher's stone, a miraculous pill, an under-handed, short-cut road through academies to acquire renewed appearance of youth,

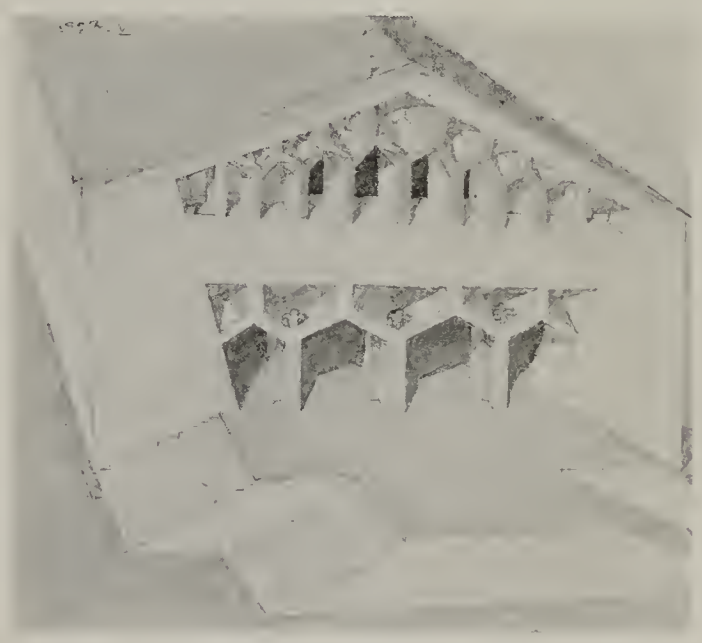
the acuteness of the instinct for self-preservation becomes so low that almost every choice it makes will prove of detrimental value to its well-being. Every act is one of helplessness.

Success in attaining one's longed-for aims is not the consequence of a talent, but of the proportion of good choices and good decisions. These come always to those who have an ever present and acutely tuned instinct of self-preservation. This, however, is absent in the impotent centenarians.

The fact that "educated" nations accepted a harmful educational system for developing future culture-propagators, the charioteers of the sun, is sufficient proof of low blood pressure and of the lost instinct of self-preservation. It is a bad investment to loan money or offer one's hopes politically to the nations that make mistakes in vital matters, for there is no guaranty of future bloom.

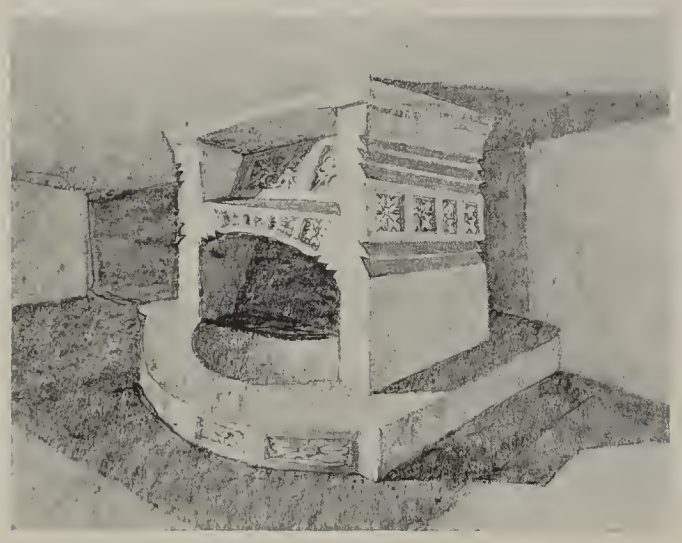
Leonardo da Vinci, an extraordinary personality (the old commonplace and a standby of the newly cultured), but a fifth-grade artist when compared with Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fouquet, Memling, Van Eyck, Mantegna, Bellini, Dürer, Hokusai, and a dozen others, originated the first "Accademia."

The method of developing an artist in it was to have him, contrary to the wisdom of at least four thousand years, first, study the technic of drawing and painting from models, while postponing the creative training for the after-schooling. Since then, the academies have been "educating" generation after generation of technically equipped painters, architects, and sculptors. But from one generation to another the creative training, which alone develops the artist, has been neglected. It has been left to the decision of the student to make an attempt at creativeness after he has finished with the schools. The academies are to *facilitate* the training, while it is the *struggle to learn* through expressing each time a "final" performance, that makes a mind capable to create. The academies are a dishonest, short-cut road that treacherously betrays the faithful.



There is only one technic that enables the craftsman to be an artist and that is the ability to express himself without the necessity of using models. A modern, academically incubated technician cannot create a "convincing" God, for where will he find a model to sit

for him? How can he have the phantasy if he has not even the imagination, and how could he possess the easily developable imagination if he is prevented from imagining by never depending on his *ability to recall,* but by cheatingly setting a model before him?

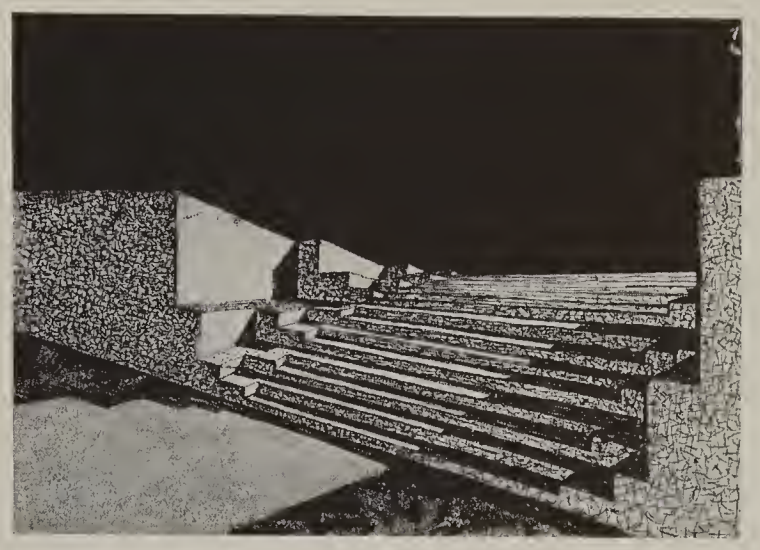


The ability to recall makes it possible to copy into communicative form whatever we recall or imagine. When we come to this point we are in the very beginning of creativeness—*elaboration* on the theme with the assistance of the *ability to recall.* This elaboration we call phantasy. No one can be creative if without phantasy. No one can have phantasy who first has not imagination. Imagination is a purely technical ability easily developed; it belongs to the profession together with all the other tools. Phantasy belongs to creativeness. Find an academy that develops imagination with the help of models and you will be finding proof contrary to the laws of nature and psychology. Separate the process of the ability to recall (imagination) from the further evolution and the branching of the ability to variate or elaborate phantasy, and you will find the first honest proof of the old gossip about talent. By creating works of art or thought, without models, we develop

imagination (look at primitive art or poetry). By executing that which we imagine we become the *possessors of phantasy*. By specializing in the given field we become expert workers: and the stupid call us artists, geniuses, and say we have talent. Every banker, engineer, inventor, develops specific imagination, but his phantasy rises only within his own circumscribed field.

An inventor would cease being a creative man if he would have first to look at the machine he wishes to invent, all ready to "pose for him," and then proceed to "invent" it.

An artist can "create" only what is within him and so the modern painter, the product of academies, having no imagination, is obliged to paint bananas, fish, tomatoes, and quickly enough, lest they become spoiled. Or he paints landscapes. If prosperous, he travels through distant Spain to find more picturesque subjects and consequently is a "greater" painter than his poorer colleagues.



Up to the time of Da Vinci, lengthwise and deepwise throughout history, even to the cave-painting of Cromagnon of the Aurignatian civilization, the artist developed his ability in the natural way;

he learned *through creating*. Always, down the centuries, man has been creating beautiful architecture, sculpture; inventing endlessly new aesthetic concepts and giving forth new philosophies, because he would learn *through creating*.

We have killed genius and now we betray our impotence by the very effort of trying to create *through learning*. I do not speak of the exact sciences, but of ethics and aesthetics.

A man with meager talent, left to himself, but possessing the wisdom to make him unmindful of authorities, will accomplish more as a creative man, if he works alone, than the man with the heavily endowed talent who from the first day is directed and trained by the cultured eunuchs and the "greatest professors." What will determine the height of his attainments is not the talent but the method of procedure. A boy with small ability will become an artist if he will learn his craft from the first day *through creating*, while failure would be the highest attainment for the more talented man who, although a learned technician, is at the same time only an emasculated promise. Wisdom without talent will achieve vastly more than talent without wisdom. The two rarely come together.

It is not necessary for the youth to have the makings of a great or even an intelligent man, but in our system of education only the wise rebels come to greater accomplishments. If a mediocre personality

has once entered on the creative road, and has learned his craft as of old without academic training, he will develop personality through his labor.

There is much less chance for a talented person to survive if he acquires his "culture" from the cackling literary failures, the professional art critics, or from the barren art historians, than if he took counsel, especially in his early season, from himself or from an old carpenter, blacksmith, or bare-headed peasant.

Do not believe the silly things you hear from the professors and other empty authorities about the elaborateness of looking at art, or the guarantied cultured taste. Art is as simple as are the crafts that practice it. Fine sculpture is no more profound than a fine steel-cutting machine, and a fine sculptor need have no more brains than a fine engineer, except that, if he has more, it is so much better for his craft.

Do not listen to the artificially slobbering enthusiasms of the professional art critics who chatter about the impenetrability of the greatness of great works of art. Instead, listen to the stone-cutters of the Romanesque churches; look at those simple laborers, eating smoked sausage while carving the eyelids of the little Jesus. Listen to them as they laugh over a peppery joke while they work on a lily in the hand of the Virgin. Do not believe a word that the now patented

authorities say about art. They belong to a different race—to the race that cannot make or appreciate a great art. How then could they truly understand, or think right about art?

Da Vinci, of typical Germanic mentality that craves to win *by science* that which is missing in his blood and stock, together with his brood of modern students in "dynamic symmetry," would slyly measure and scrutinize and smell and taste a Greek vase, the breast of Venus, or the thighs of Discobolus, in order to *learn* (perchance) the secret of their unlearnable beauty, then run home with the stolen goods and make them serve his ends. Could there be a finer admission of the futility of the academic training of those who, like drones in the beehive, wish to exploit the sweetness of the labor of the fanatical workers that left the honeycomb full of meaning? After it was found that even the learned secrets will not bring the bacon or fame home, or put creativeness into the head, the present-day art went desperately searching for ever "new" forms, "new" values, in order to *find* for itself the secret of greatness, and to create afterward, "all alone," as an "independent," sham earmarks of greatness. Here we have an involuntary demonstration of the gasping vacancy in the hearts and minds of the misdirected talent that had no

native wisdom, and failed also to find it in the voiced oracles of the priestly clan of sham educators.

The academic system is concerned only with the efficiency and perfection of technic, but the talents thus raised have nothing to carry in the vehicle so acquired. If the talents, first of all, aim at having "goods to sell" or to give, they will always find means of delivering them, later on. Even imperfect means will suffice. This we see demonstrated in the peasants' primitive arts, and in all the native arts of the last few thousand years.

If I believed in the devil, I would suspect that Da Vinci was his best contrived tool for creating the academic system; to destroy the creative ability of the pink race—that race which worshiped, in the effusion of its arts, his adversary.

Our mistake, unobserved, in the present and appallingly destructive educational methods, is so enormous that its immensity can be perceived only when we realize that it has continued for four hundred years.

Let us realize that in Paris alone are over forty thousand art students—"artists"—of all modes; that each one gives about five

years of life to so-called studies, which makes two hundred and twenty-five thousand years of lost human life. Then count the waste of money and human material (everyone with exceptional ability)! Then measure the hardships, the loneliness of all these youths, and your eyes will become white from crying. Traditionally, we are accustomed to send our talent to Paris for training, but stupidly, we overlooked the fact that France is not what it was three centuries ago. Now there is *no art center anywhere,* and certainly not in Paris. Time has come to prove the value of our own cultural worth by setting up our own creative centers. The withered gossip about the culture of France and her Paris has wrought us, the self-conscious nations, immeasurable damage.

The damage is far greater than you would suspect, since you think in terms of "talent." But I do not believe in it. The word "talent" is a very recent invention. It was given its present significance by the uncreative people of our own times. I swear so loudly as to knock off the clouds that there is no such thing as talent, and I certainly must be permitted to shout this information since I am, in your opinion, a

man of talent. If you will come to my terms, then please take this as a modified form: All people, except the pathologically inferior, have talent; only few—terribly few—have the wisdom to direct it. In the Middle Ages, and earlier, there was no talent, for then even a carpenter or a blacksmith was an artist.

Our talented stipendists and eventual failures bring us the infectious fashions of French modernisms and soon our younger cultures move prematurely, in a foreign-made wheelchair. And toward what objective do they move? Toward *whose* "ideal"? The difference of virility makes for the difference in ideals. Let us beware that our bloods do not mix to our disadvantage while we shout "Our mutual Ideals!" Where do they get that "we"?

We look at the negro sculpture, or any other primitive attempt at expression, and we envy the creative daring of the man who, not having our extravagantly vocabularic means, hesitatingly but well *describes to us* his gods and his longings, while we, with our academies, polytechnics, universities, lectures, reproductions, measurements, laboratories, stipendiums, medals, have models to sit for us. . . . Ah! Paradise Lost! Paris! Paris! A curse on you!

At first I planned to exhibit all my works, chiefly sculpture, in Paris. But after coming to France and seeing this overadvertised culture of Frenchified failures, I have sworn to boycott Paris—the seat of international aesthetic and cultural charlatanry. I would not offend my self-respect by seeking the audience of an "élite" so depraved. Paris will not miss my work. I do not work in the fashion of her taste. I am sorry that my work is not yet as good as I wish it to be, yet I must protest, as an individual who has a powerful will to live happily and profitably and an unconquerable longing for a Polish culture, that I will not submit to the foreign decomposition encroaching upon us.

And I appeal to the young who have the same longings to fortify their hearts and minds against the infection—even if this displeases the pink-tea sippers, the "refined" parents, or the departments of education.

None of our countries, yours and mine, will ever create its own culture and consequently attain the political supremacy until the navel-cord of tradition, holding us to the gangrenous body—to Paris, the incessant center of our aesthetic degradation—is cut.

It is the privilege of youth, the citizens of the Future, to disobey their elders when their own country—the future—is concerned.

Contrary to your assumption that I am a victim of an exaggerated self-sublimation and that I consider myself, for lack of a more superlative word, at least a genius, I will assert that I am only a fairly equipped young barbarian, with an uncommon amount of animal wisdom. (Call it the instinct of self-preservation.) With the assistance of the latter, I have been *increasing* my original allotment of ability by *exercising it* from the "first day." "Talent" increases only in proportion to the creative work done (that is, by exercise of my ability). It decreases if it is never used. And it certainly is never used in our times and schools as a form of training.

After all, do not the worthy man and a paranoiac spring from the same source? The difference lies only in the honesty of the former which drives him to *unceasing work* in order to make the preposterous self-assumption more convincing. The capacity for work is only a *means*. One who can fill his lion's skin with an aggressive spirit makes the lion real. But he who, shaking ferociously his lion's skin, does not give it living substance will get laughter and be called saint or fool.

I come from a good racial stock, and it is but natural that most of my choices and decisions in life and work must, willingly or not, *serve* my well-being. My square jaws stick out like the elbows of an unsubdued savage who knows how to avoid the traps of the still-prevailing "culture." I am not one of those fishes which, seeking elevating food, does not see the hook inside the worm; and much less am I the fish that can imagine the fly on a bare hook. I am horse-shoed on all my four feet. I am not more "talented" than the average craftsman of the Middle Ages, but I am certainly much wiser than my contemporaries. You should build me an elaborately fancy monument with embroidered hangings (to offend still more the offended), while I still live and eat my bacon, for having discovered the pivot and the secret of our faulty education and, at the same time, for giving advice for the future in the short sentence, "*Not through learning, but through creating learn how to create.*"

I do not believe in Nietzsche's "superman"—so do not accuse me of taking myself for one. I leave all well-balanced men where they stand biologically, and call them normal. As for the others who cannot use their minds to bring them up to normality, I class them as subnormal and inferior. I have immeasurable contempt, and reproach for those who, having good minds, train them only in elaborate intellectualisms, and leave their inborn wisdom dormant, and therefore

get no contentment. After all what is a good mind for if it fails to attain for a man his share of happiness? Men, and nations as well, are wise or not wise. To the subnormal, the inferior, the laity, and the infirm, the normal appear as "supermen," "great artists," and, of course, all are "inspired."

What we were accustomed to call "talent" is as common as intellect or cleverness, but only the wise give proof of their worth, or those who are wisely guided. There are as many stupid as intelligent people. The intellectuals are only non-productive tasters; they *taste* only with a refined artificiality the products of the wise. They really *cannot* think, for only creative people *think* and *invent*. The wise are the producers. The intellectuals are the consumers who make pleasant grimaces. And the stupid eat noisily without tasting.

I deny the existence of inspiration in the work of the great artist. Once in a lifetime it may visit the studio of mediocrity, but there is no doubt that the uncreative layman believes in it. To the inferior mentality—and of such is the mass of humanity—anything above its capability is a work of inspiration. Thus the inferior explain their own insufficiencies, and thus are born the misconceptions of "talent" and the "genius."

The definitions make the substance of words and ideas. They are the foundations of culture and her type. We must wake up and

revise the definitions if we wish to eliminate futility from our efforts. *We* must exchange the ties that lie under the railroad tracks, otherwise the locomotive—culture—will meet catastrophe.

For a nightingale to be a great composer and a consummate artist, every day and all night, is a natural habit. No one thinks the nightingale is inspired. But suppose a duck, obsessed by a desire for equality (to her, an elevation), should suddenly compose a Solomon's Song—that *would be* an inspiration.

To carry within me, always and everywhere, my spirit of freedom and my love of liberty as a Pole is as natural as for a sturgeon to swim. It is not an inspiration. It is a necessity—an elemental condition. But for Russia of today or of the past, or Great Britain, to cease suddenly being a parasite on the liberty and wealth of other nations—ah! *that* would be an inspiration.

Buonarroti, at the Sistine Chapel, created for us the God that was within him. It was as common with him as his breathing; it was, therefore, not an inspiration. But a coherent treatise on the same God by some deluded epileptic would be rightfully acclaimed as inspired.

All that is in this book, and the previous one called *The Works of Szukalski*, published by Covici McGee, Chicago, is the product of a lucky deserter from the influence of democratizing and levelling education. I have given myself birth upon the stones; I have sucked

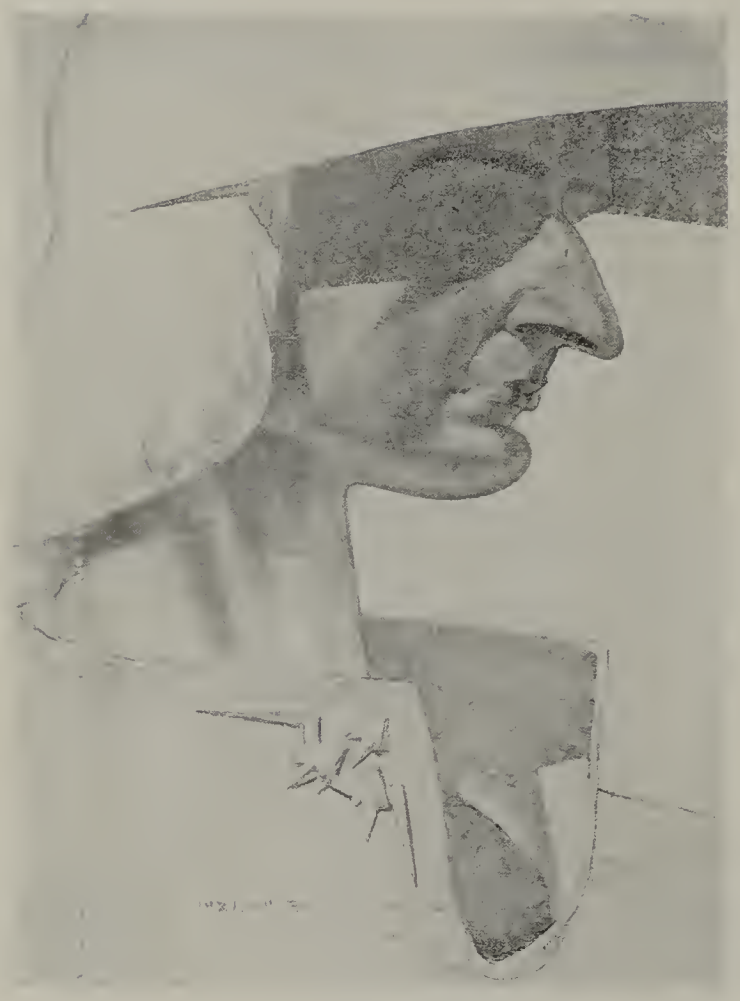
from my finger all my definitions of life and man; I have led myself out of the jungle of schools, academies, and "delicating" culture. I have found myself.

For many years I have worked on the development of my abilities. I have done it under the greatest economic difficulties, as a few of my Chicago friends can testify, so that I could give "all my best" to my country. I am a Pole. But a "talented" Pole can serve his country only by becoming useful in *foreign lands.* If foreign approval comes to him and his work wins a complimentary verdict, he will swell the chest of Polish culture—but only of the boastful propaganda department, for the export. It is not a beautiful rôle. It serves, however, to show the passive attitude of the present Poles toward the making of their own culture; but it is accepted without concern by natives who, in other matters, are proud.

It is my hope, that the few new architectural elements depicted in this book be not lost. Since, henceforth, I shall live in Poland, this work is placed in print so that all who desire may enrich in some measure the coming architecture of America.

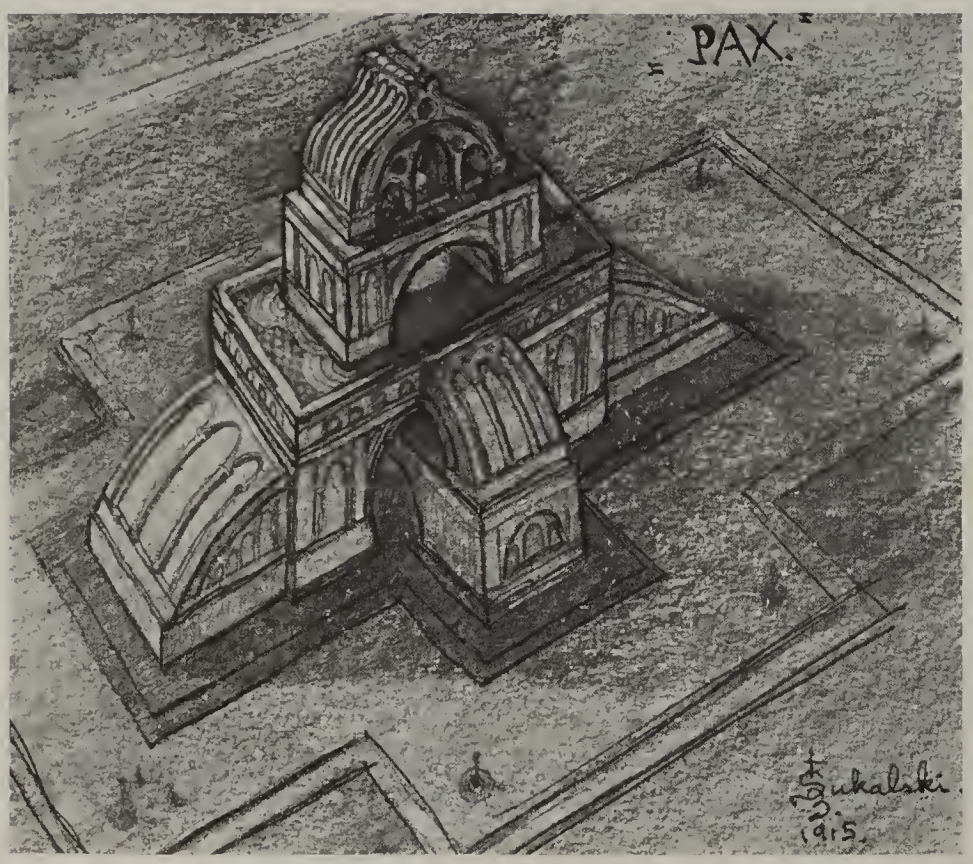
And yet, my chief interest lies in the melancholy hope that if, by some chance, my projects be accepted and exploited as native to America, then they may the more easily, as elements of a "foreign art," finally filter into Poland. It was for Poland I made these.

STANISLAW SZUKALSKI



IDEALIZED SELF-PORTRAIT

LANTERNS

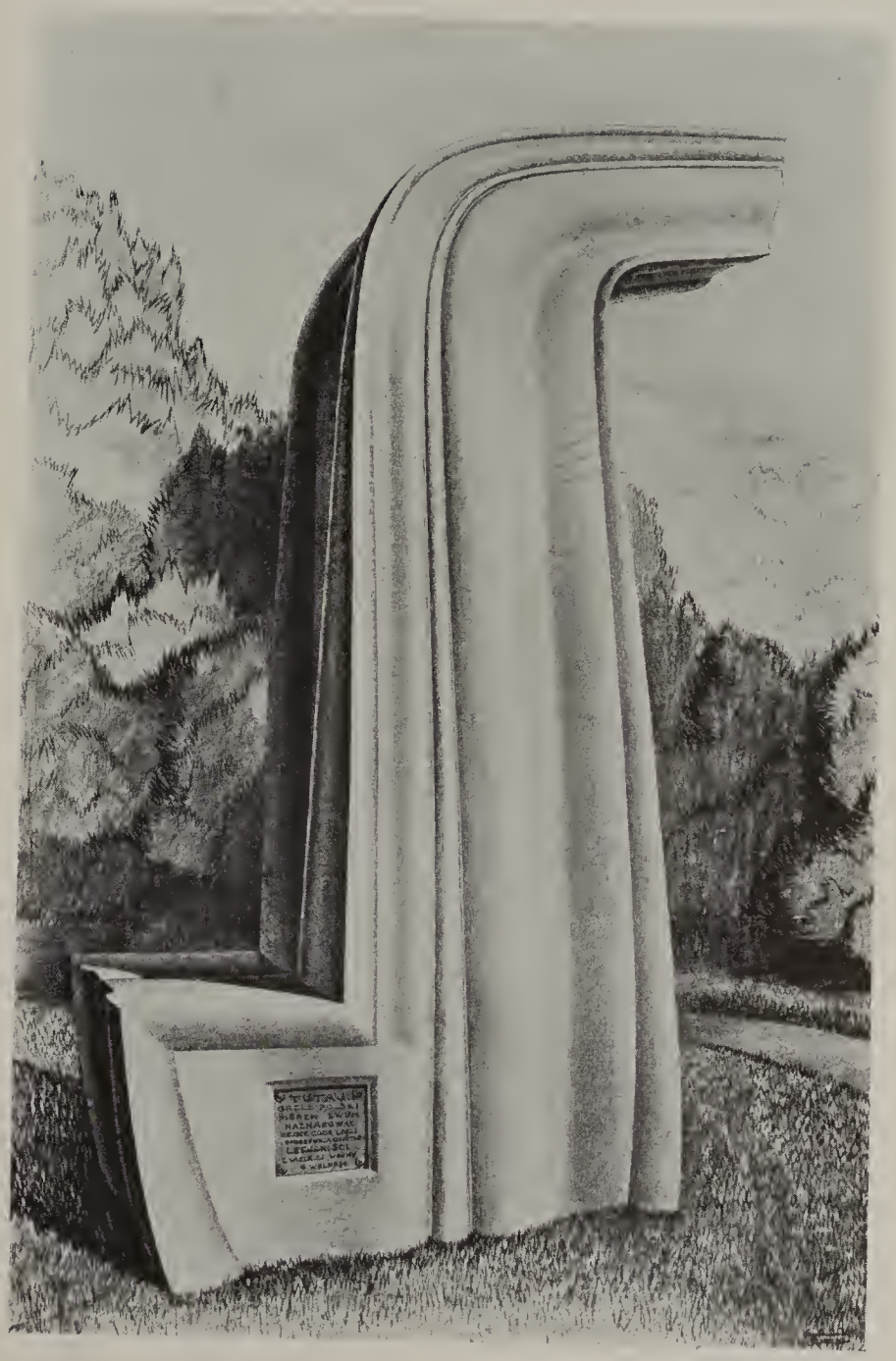


PEACE MONUMENT

THE DANCING GIRL

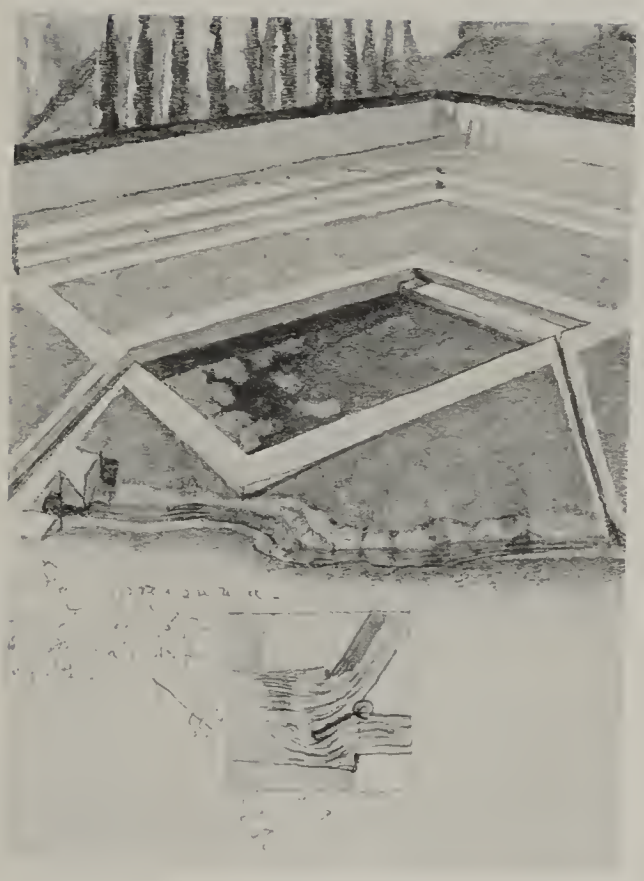
A GRAVE STONE

GRAVE STONES SUCH AS THIS TO BE ERECTED WHERE THE POLISH LEGIONNAIRES FELL. THE SHAPE RESEMBLES A FEATHER—A SYMBOL OF THE FEATHERS OF THE EAGLE THAT HAVE FALLEN TO GROUND

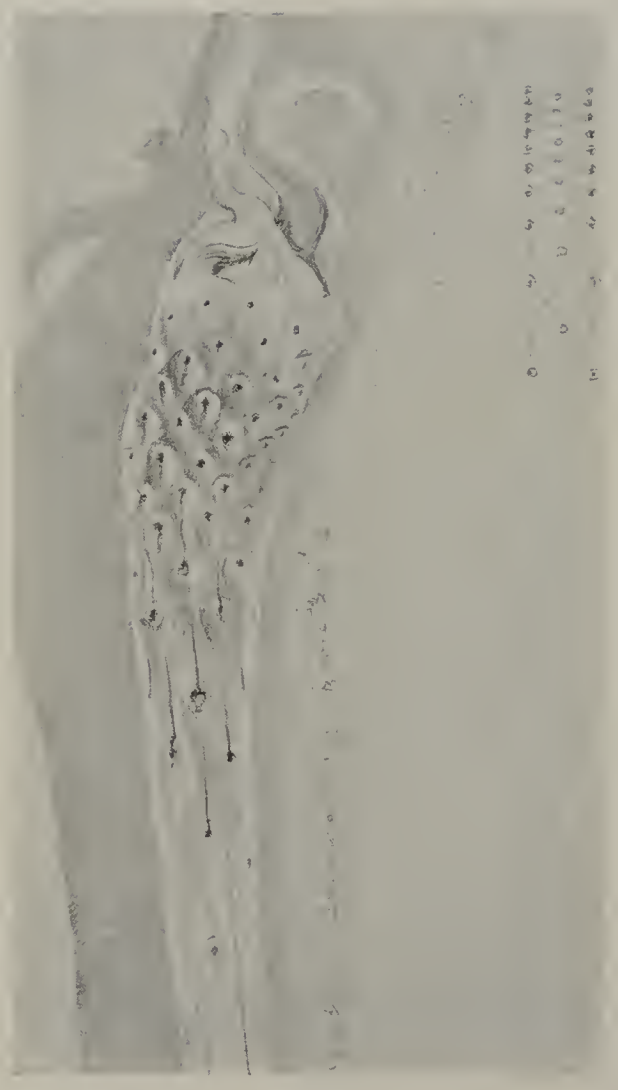


PROJECT FOR THE (EXECUTED) SCULPTURE "THE DOCTCRITIC WORD"

A WORD THAT CUTS LIKE THE LANCET OF A SURGEON; LIKE A BIRD CUTTING THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IT CUTS UNDER THE VENEER, IMPLANTING THE SEED IN THE WOUND

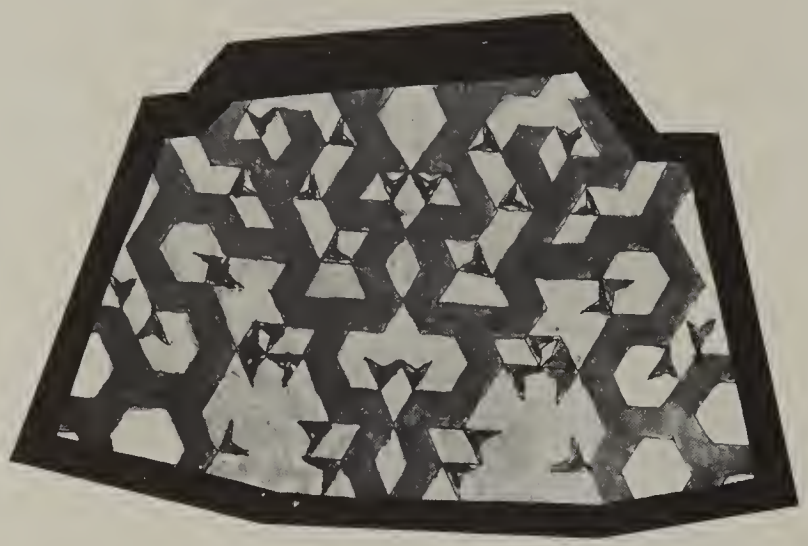


UTILIZATION OF A BROOK FOR
A SWIMMING POOL



THE WITHERED ROOT OF A FLOWER

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE



MOSAIC

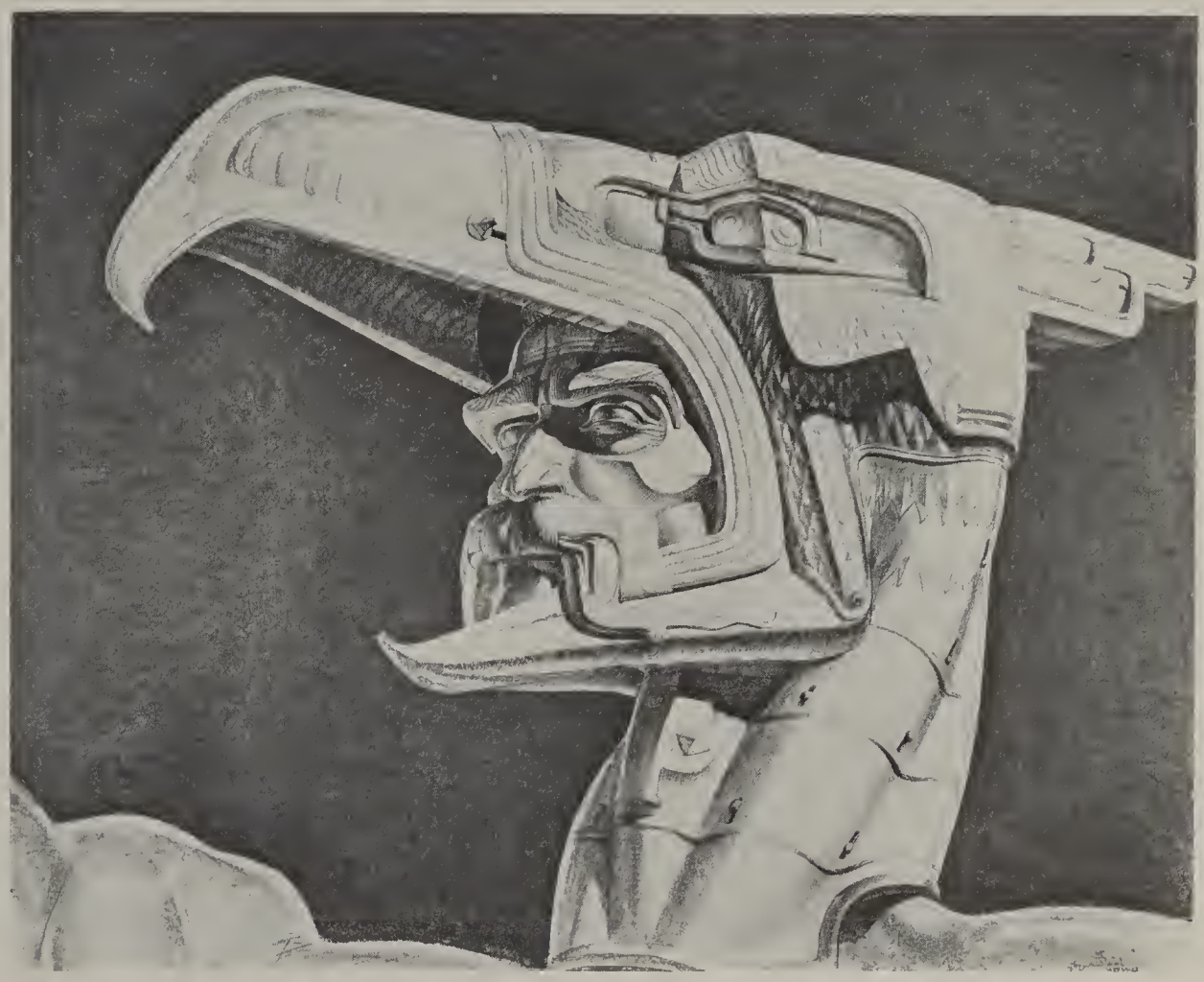
"POLITVARUS" MONUMENT

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DEFENSE OF WARSAW DURING THE WAR WITH THE BOLSHEVIKI. THE FIGURE IS A COMPOSITE OF THE THREE NATIONAL EMBLEMS. FACE OF THE NATIONAL HERO SHOWS IN THE HELMET HEAD.

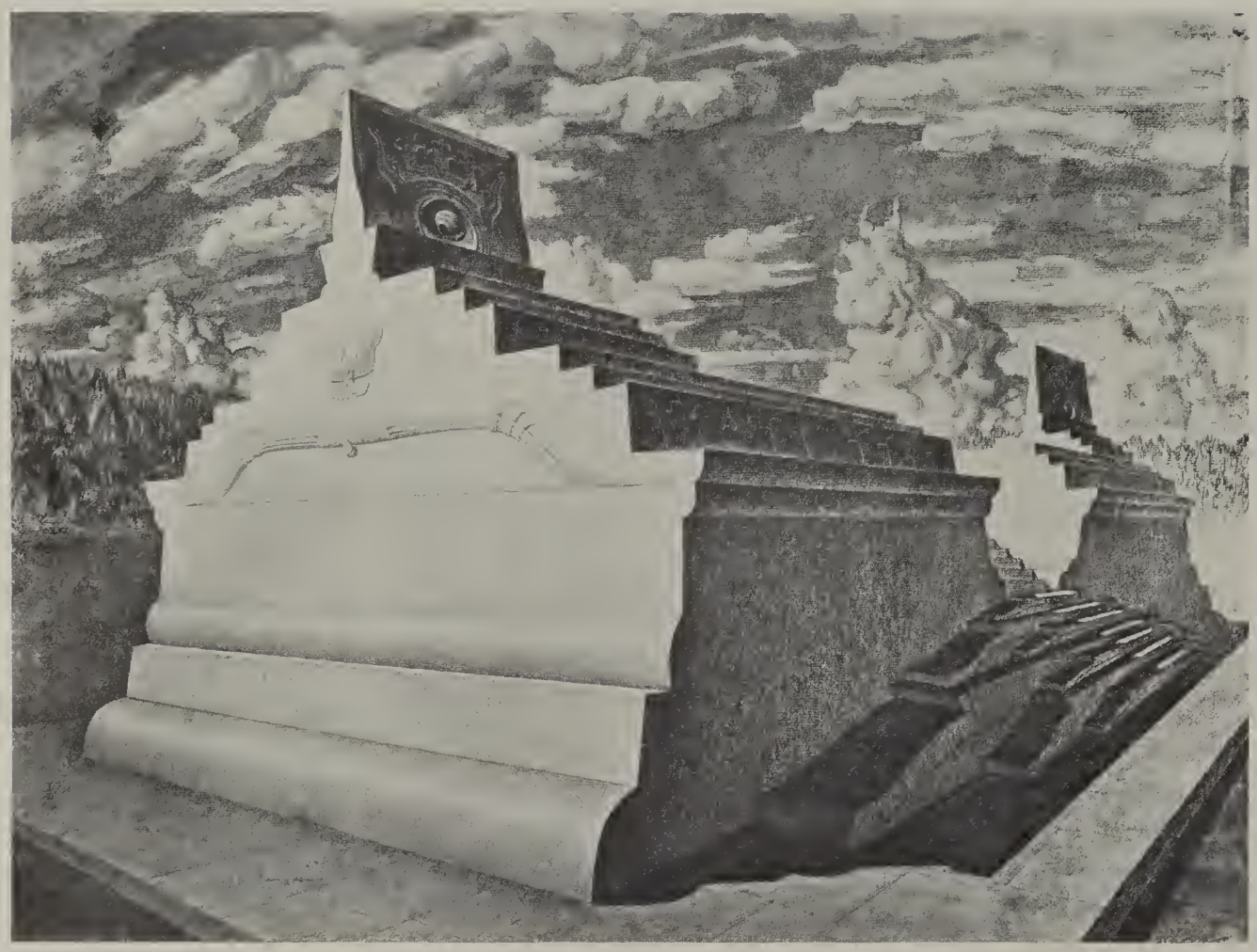
TO BE PLACED RUNNING LENGTHWISE ON THE PEDESTAL SO THAT IT CAN BE VIEWED FROM ANY LEVEL

DETAIL OF "POLITVARUS"

THE SNAKE; THE ARMY; LIGHTNING—THE SNAKE IS VOMITING THE FIRST DEFENSIVE LINES. THE VEINS ARE THE RIVERS OF POLAND, IN SILVER



HEAD OF THE "POLITVARUS" IN THE HELMET OF THE MONUMENT OF LIBERTY
FRAGMENT OF THE MONUMENT FOR WARSAW (A MEMORY PORTRAIT OF PILSUDZKI)



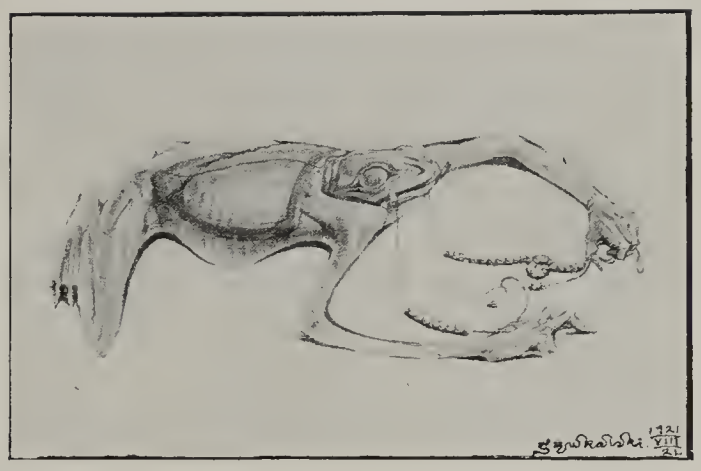
PEDESTAL FOR THE MONUMENT OF LIBERTY AT WARSAW WITH THE BRONZE WIND-WHISTLES, THE SUNRISE, AND SUNSET

"WIETRZNICA"

A HUMMING TOWER-MONUMENT TO BE PLAYED

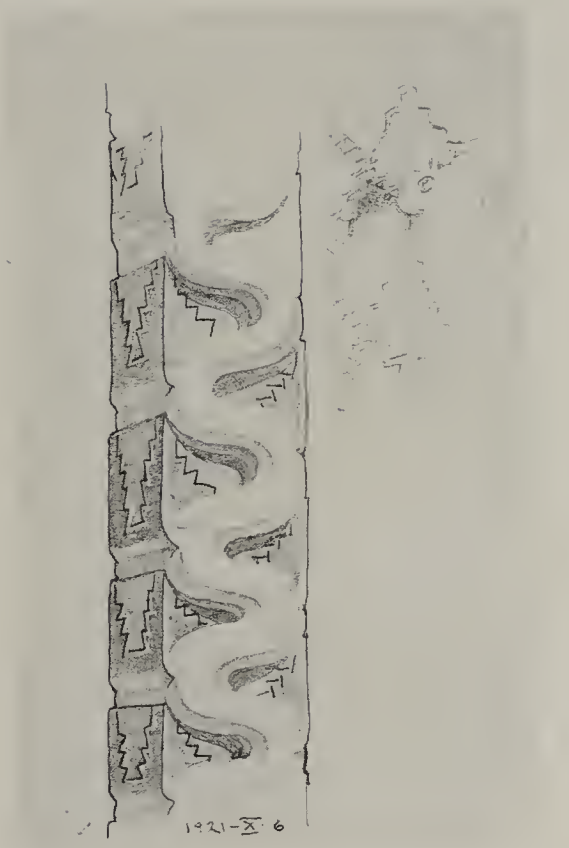
ON BY THE WIND

DESIGN FOR A HAT AND BELT

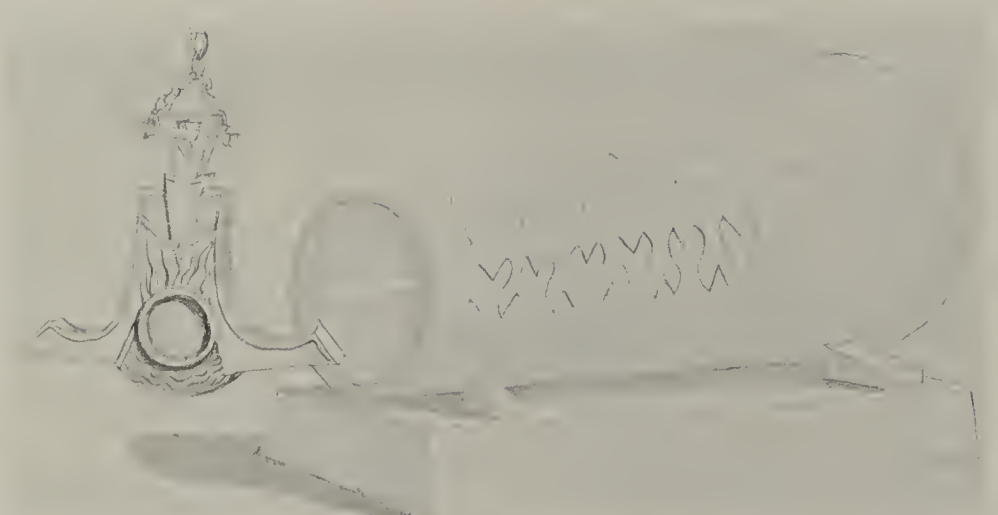


FROGS

SARCOPHAGUS

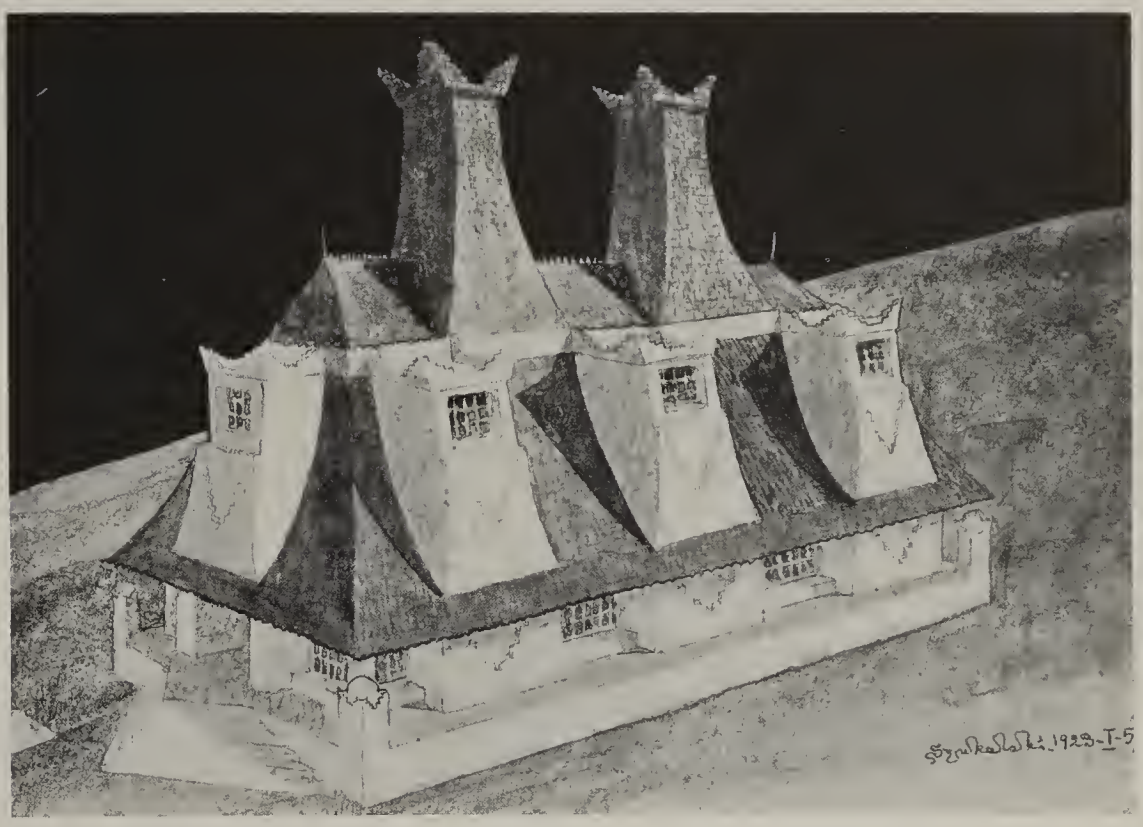


A COLUMN



A ROTATING BELL WITH AN AMPLIFIER

DESIGN FOR A TOMBSTONE

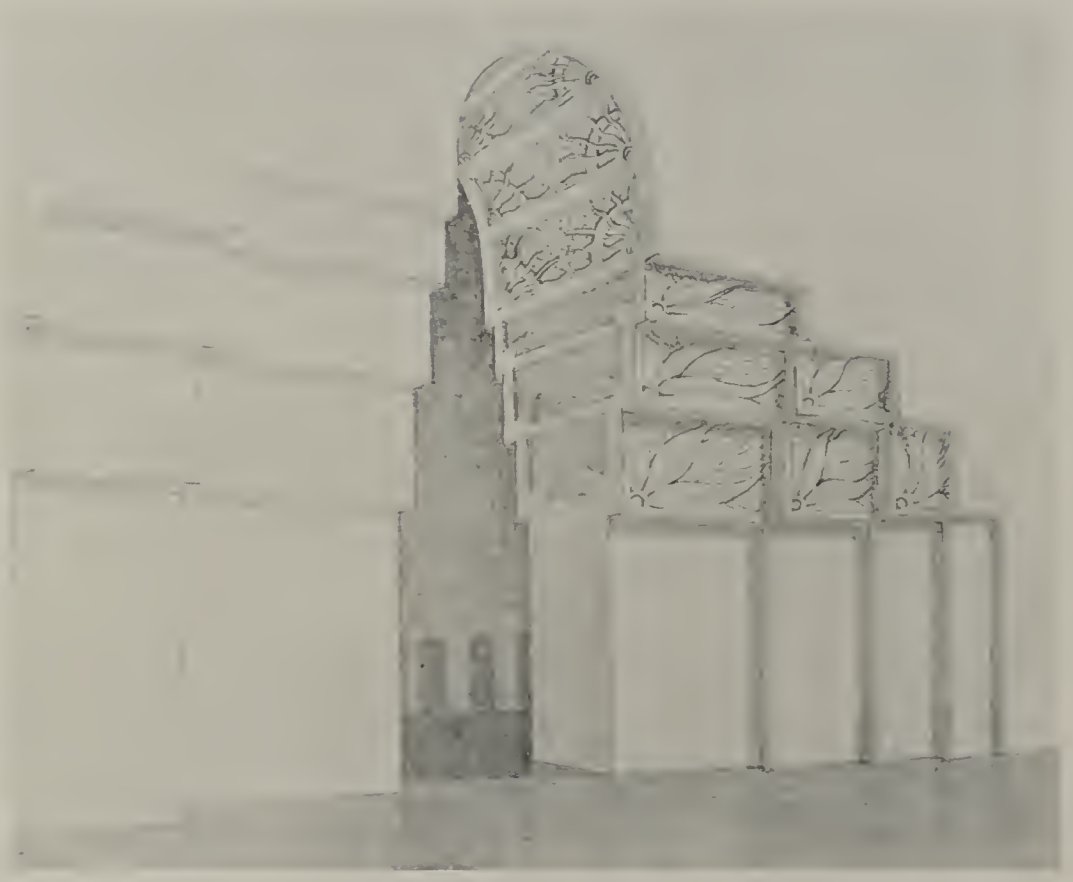


A HOME

DOORWAY TO BE USED
AS A MEMORIAL

DEDICATORY DOORWAY

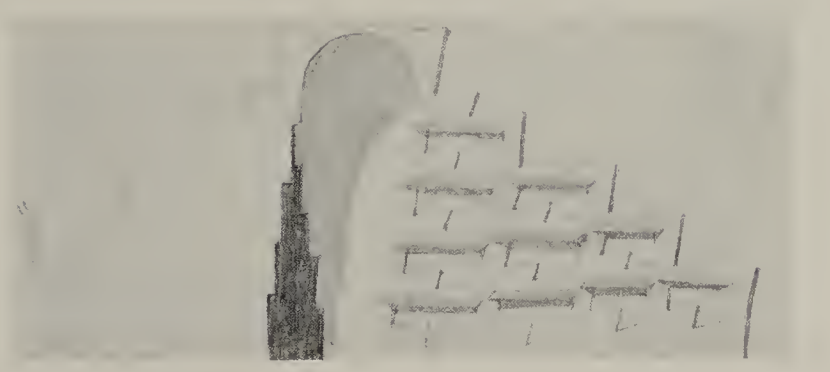
DETAIL OF THE DOORWAY



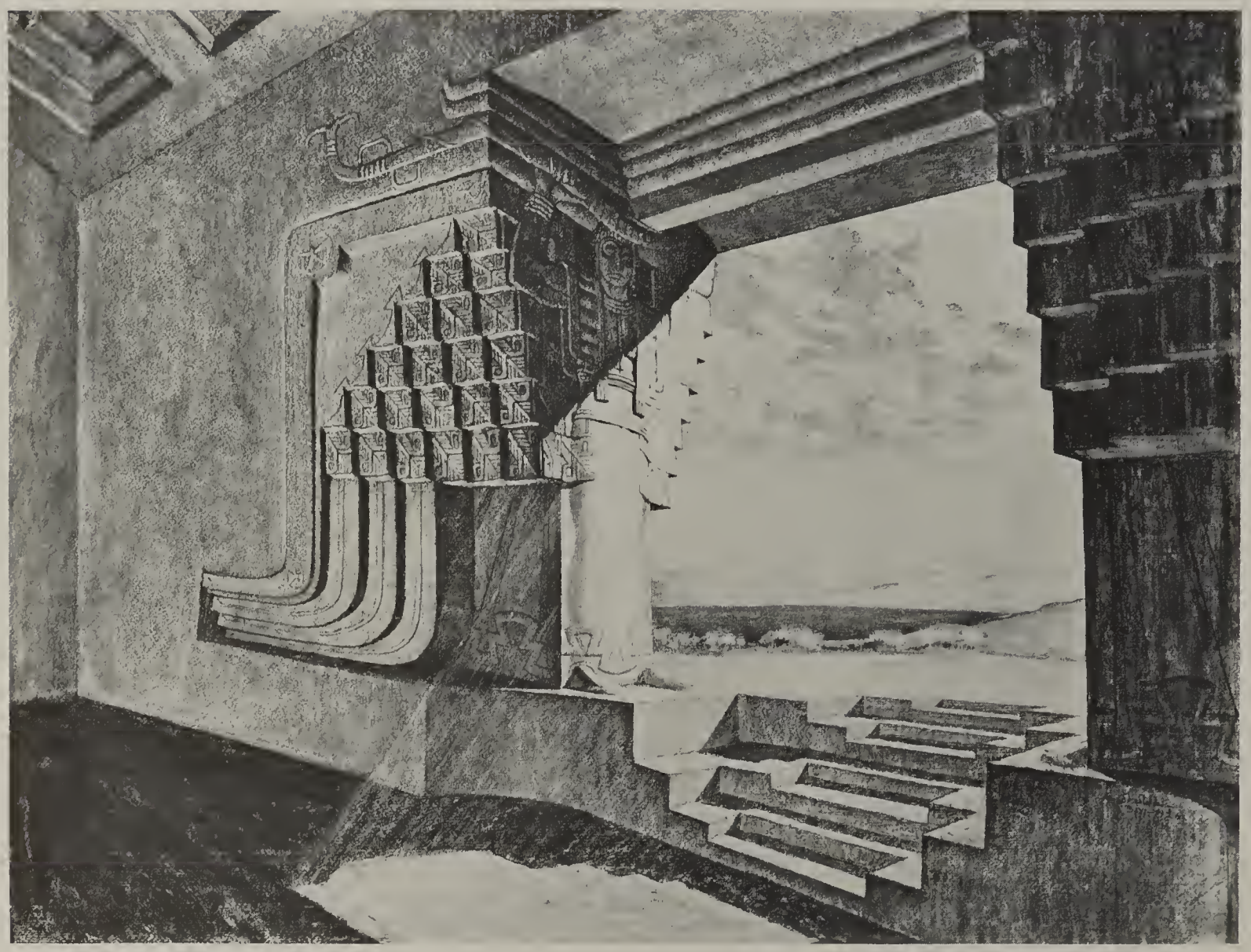
DEDICATORY DOORWAY

DEDICATORY DOORWAY

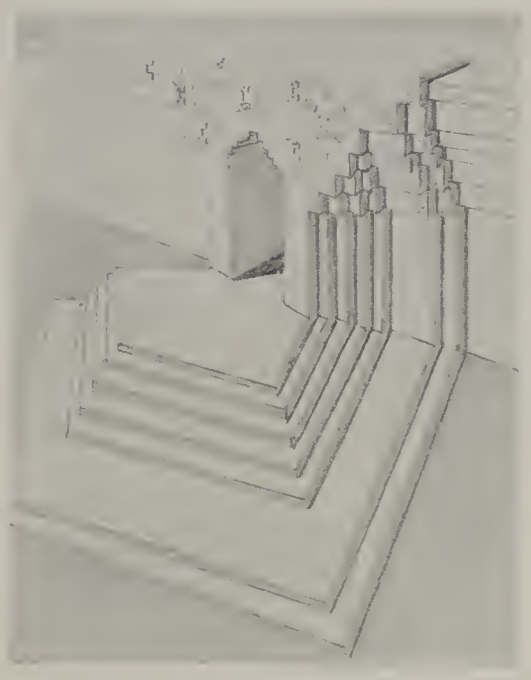
DEDICATORY DOORWAY



DEDICATORY DOORWAY



A MEMORIAL—A DOORWAY IN A WALL UNDER A ROOF

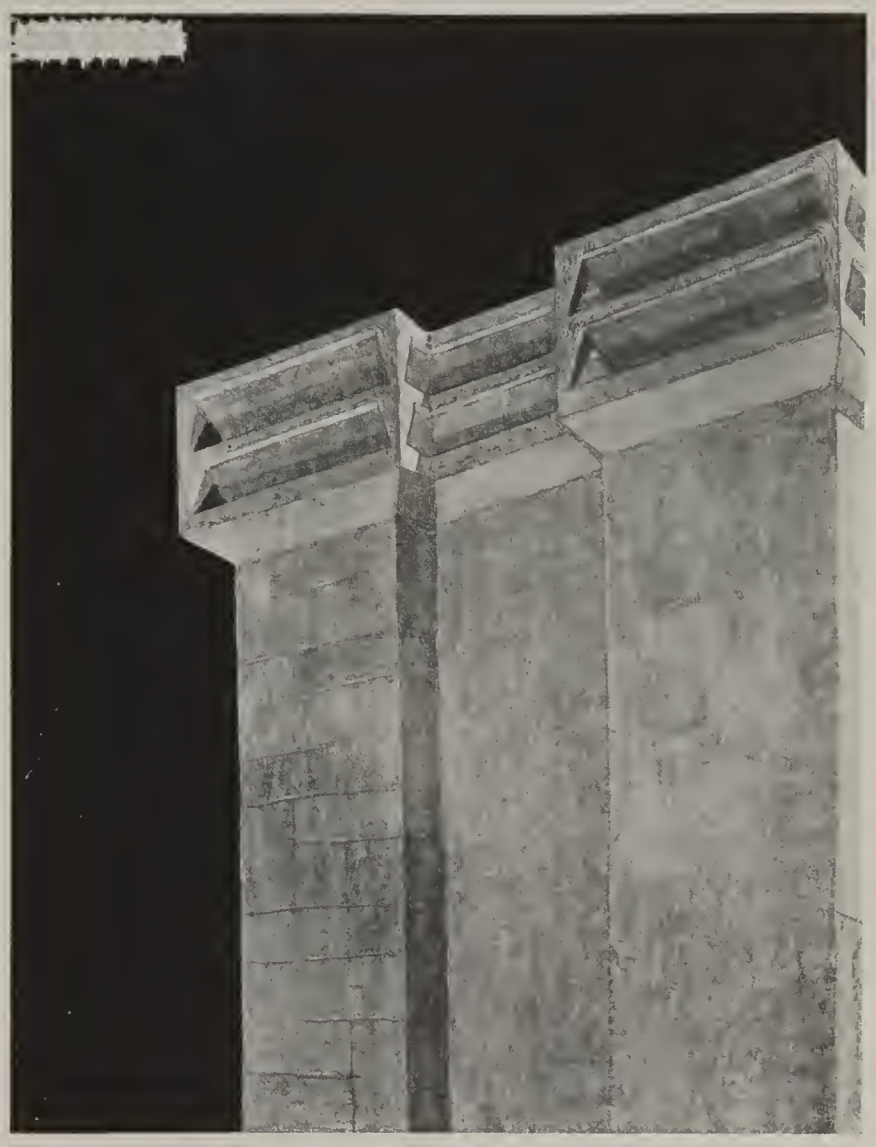


DEDICATORY DOORWAY

DEDICATORY DOORWAY

UPPER PART OF DOORWAY

AN ENTRANCE

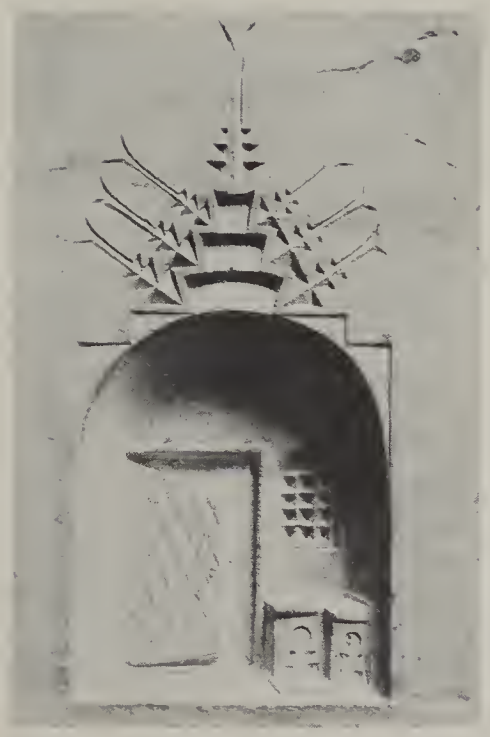


A PEDESTAL FOR A MONUMENT

A CHAIR

FRAGMENT OF A BUILDING—ONE OF THE SIX NARROW WINGS

FRAGMENT OF A BUILDING—TWO OF THE SIX NARROW WINGS



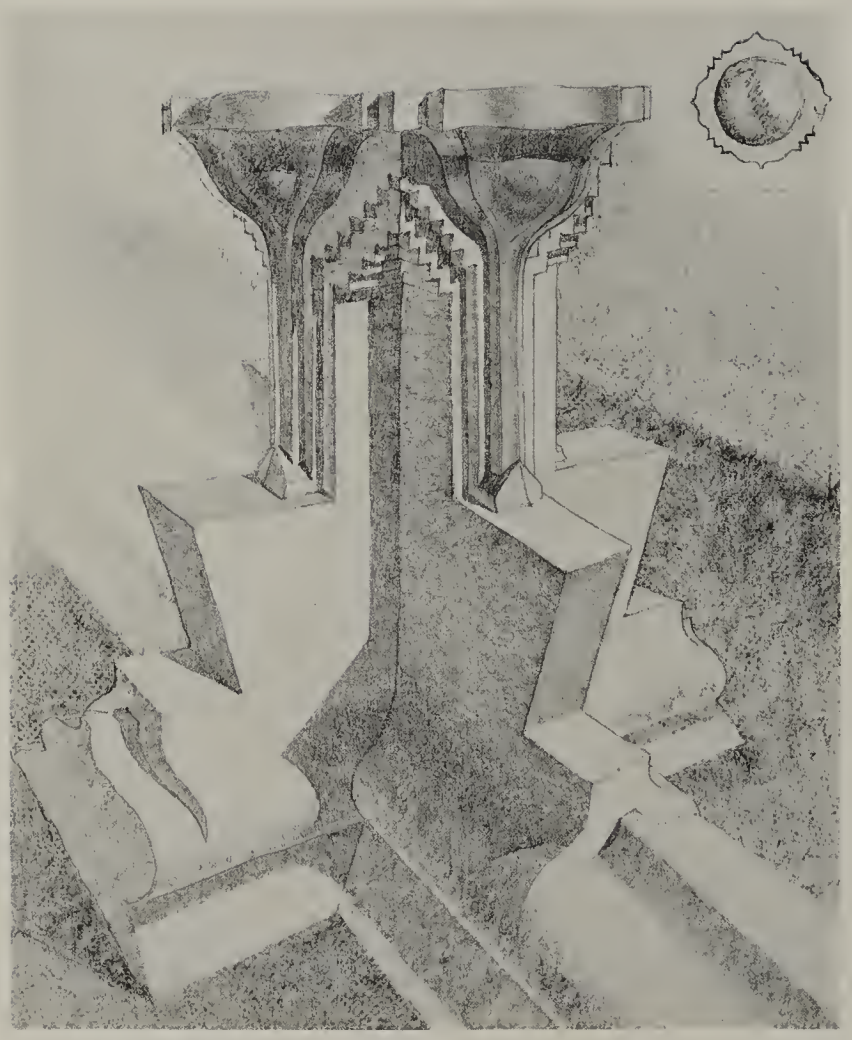
DOORWAYS

FRAGMENT OF A STRUCTURE FOR THE

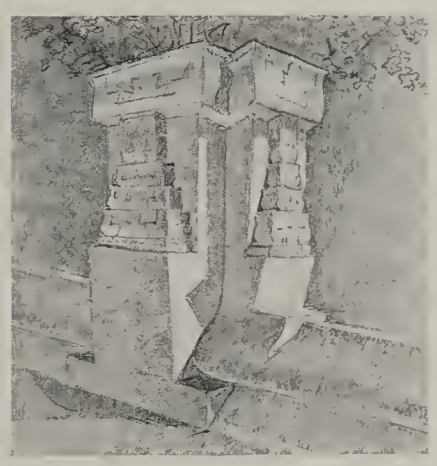
VAVELIAN HILL, KRAKOW

DOORWAY FOR THE UPPER STORIES OF

THE VAVELIAN PROJECT

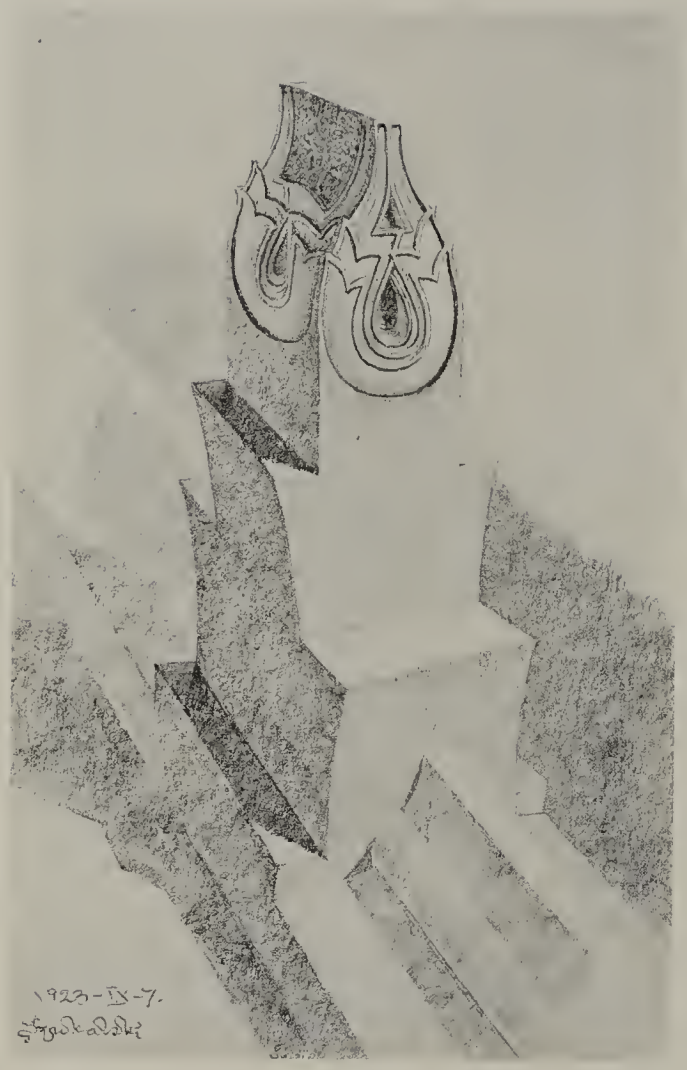


FLOWER BASIN FOR THE VAVELIAN PROJECT
ONE OF THE TEN PROJECTS TO DECORATE THE WALLS, AND TO SET APART THE CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL FROM THE SURROUNDINGS



DETAILS FOR THE

VAVELIAN PROJECT

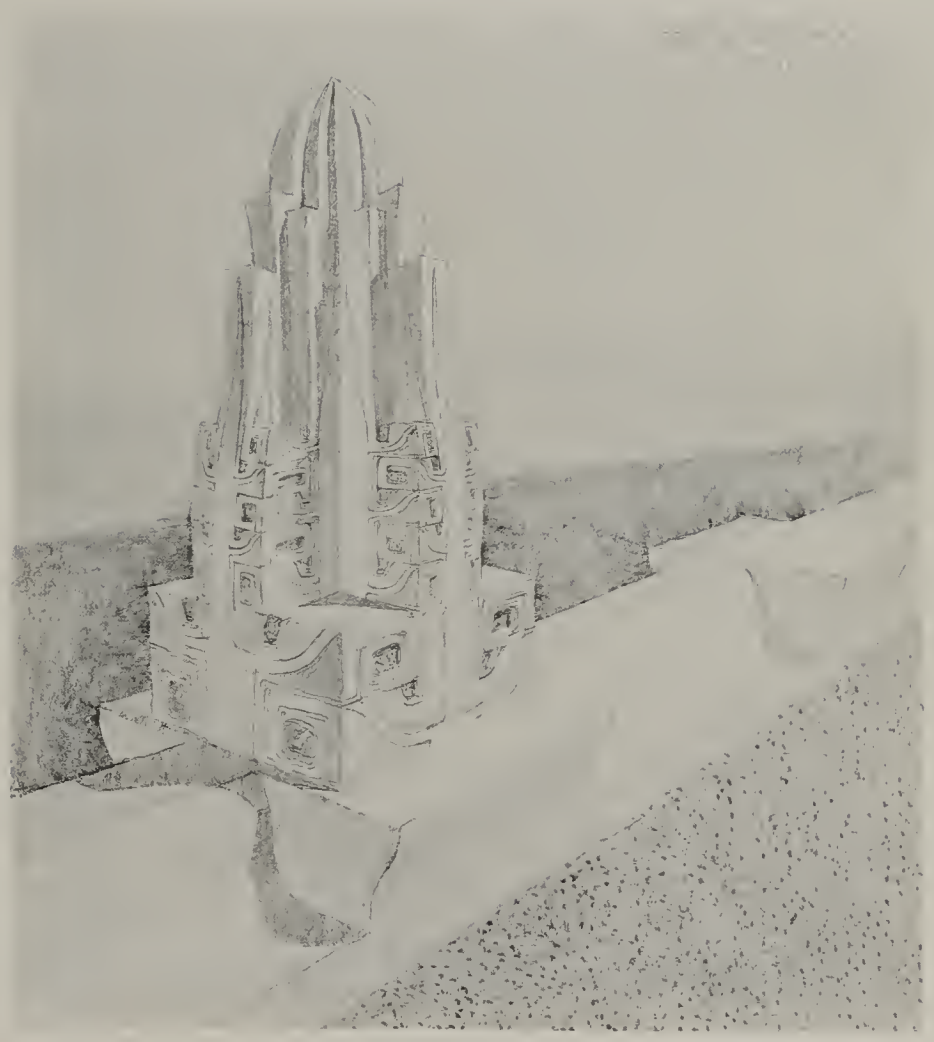


DESIGN FOR VAVELIAN PROJECT

ONE OF THE TEN PROJECTS FOR THE DECORATIVE WALL

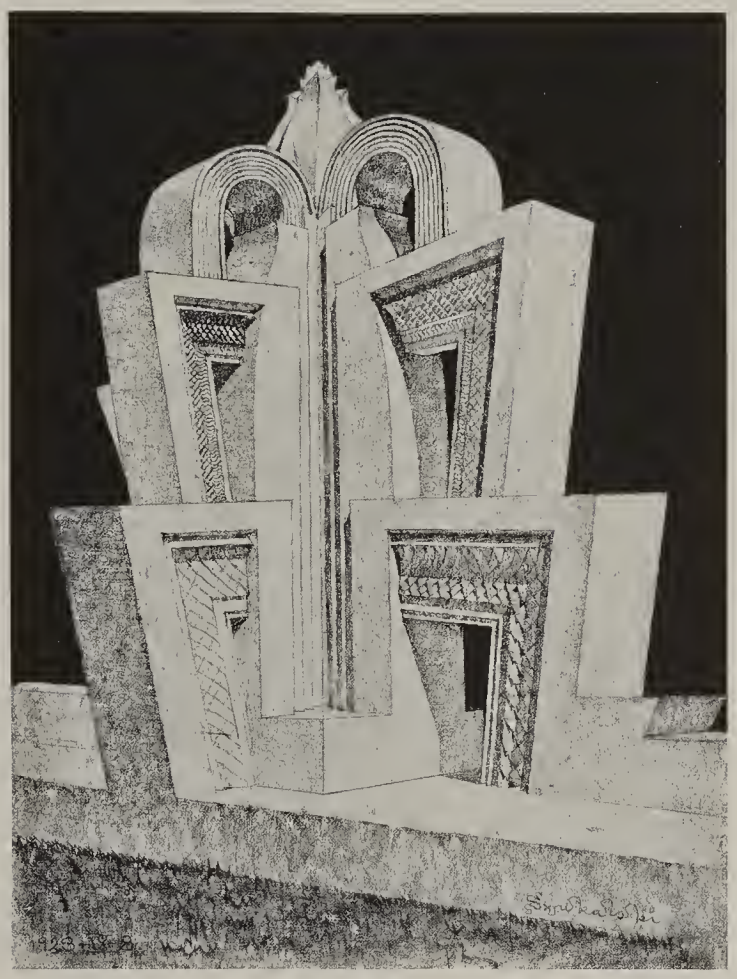
FOR THE VAVELIAN PROJECT

DECORATIVE WALL FOR THE VAVELIAN PROJECT



WALL WITH BENCHES FOR THE VAVELIAN PROJECT

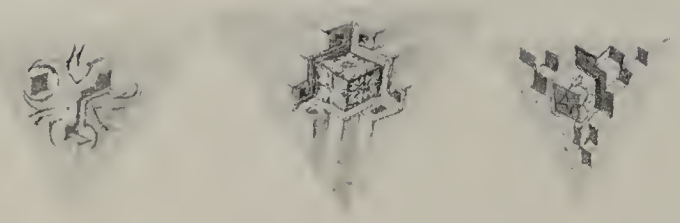
DETAIL PROJECT FOR THE VAVELIAN PROJECT



DETAIL FOR THE VAVELIAN PROJECT

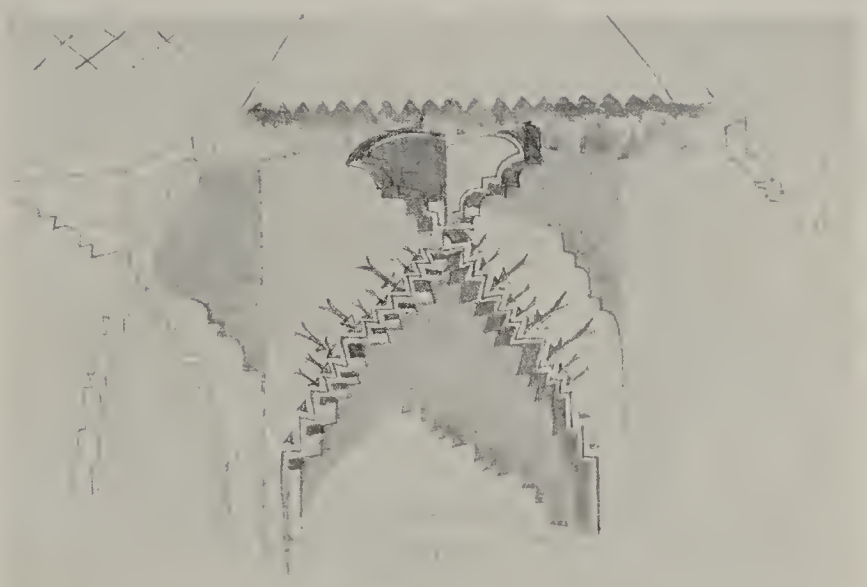
THE VAVELIAN PROJECT

FIREPLACE AS FIRE ALTAR



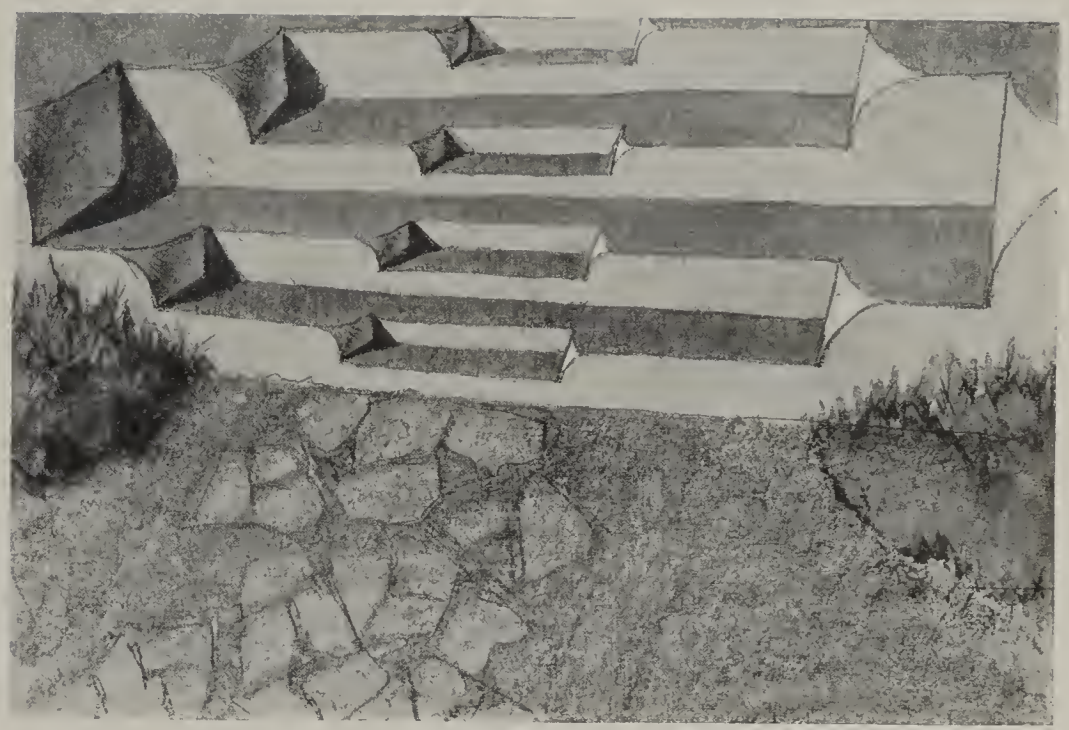
TO BE SET IN BETWEEN WALL AND THE CEILING

PEEP WINDOWS

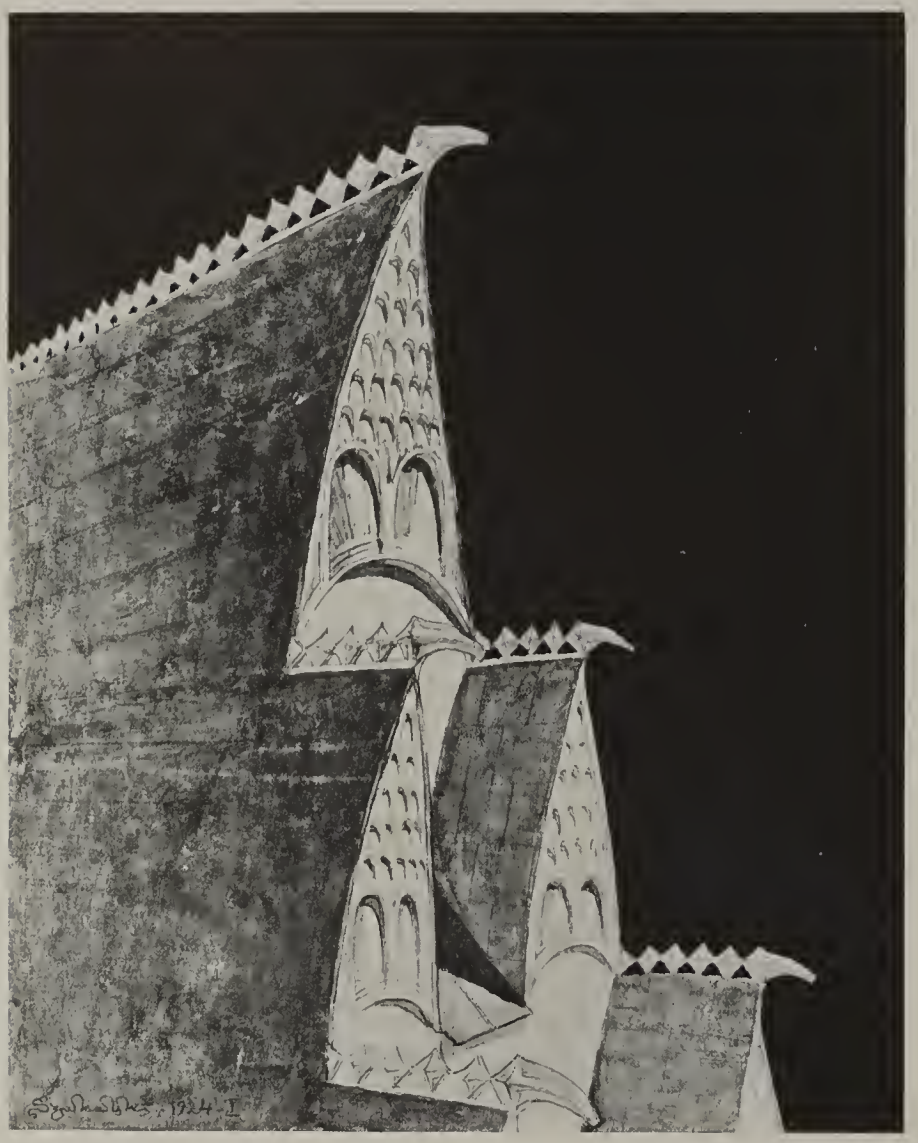


WOOD WALL AS A SETTING FOR A SCULPTURE COLLECTION

WOODEN DOORWAY



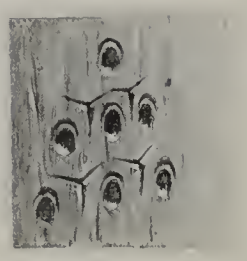
KINDLY STEPS



COPPER ROOF

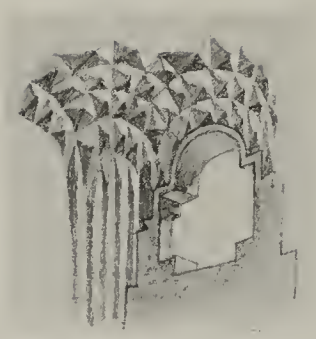
PROJECT FOR THE SAVING OF ANCIENT OAK IN GIDLE,

THE LAST REMNANT OF THE PAGAN SACRED GROVE



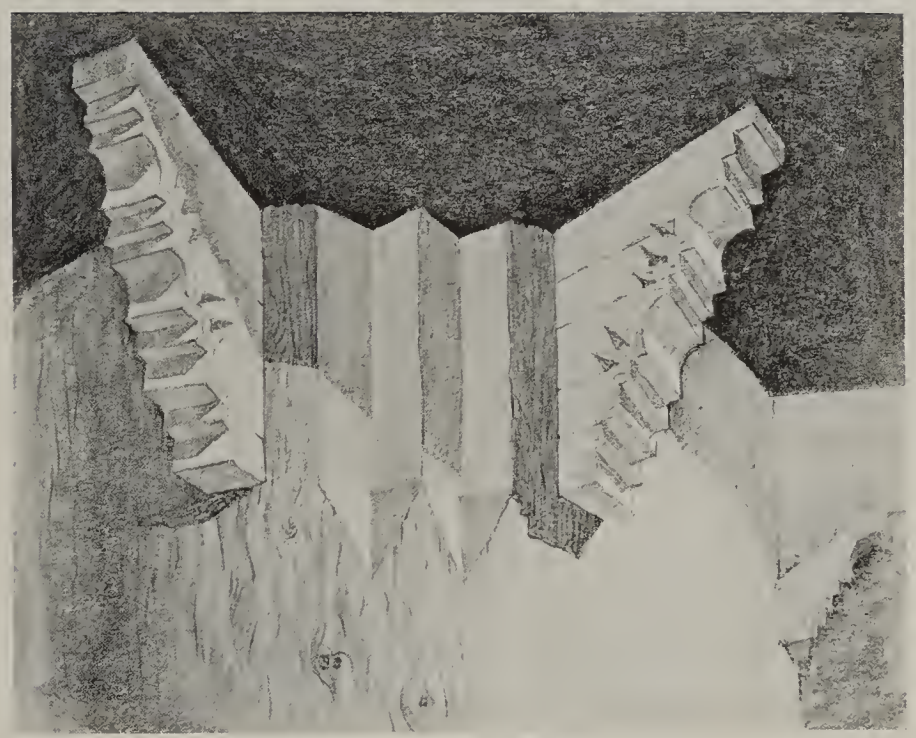
THRUSH HOLES

LECTURER'S WINDOW WITH
THE CARVED INTERIOR

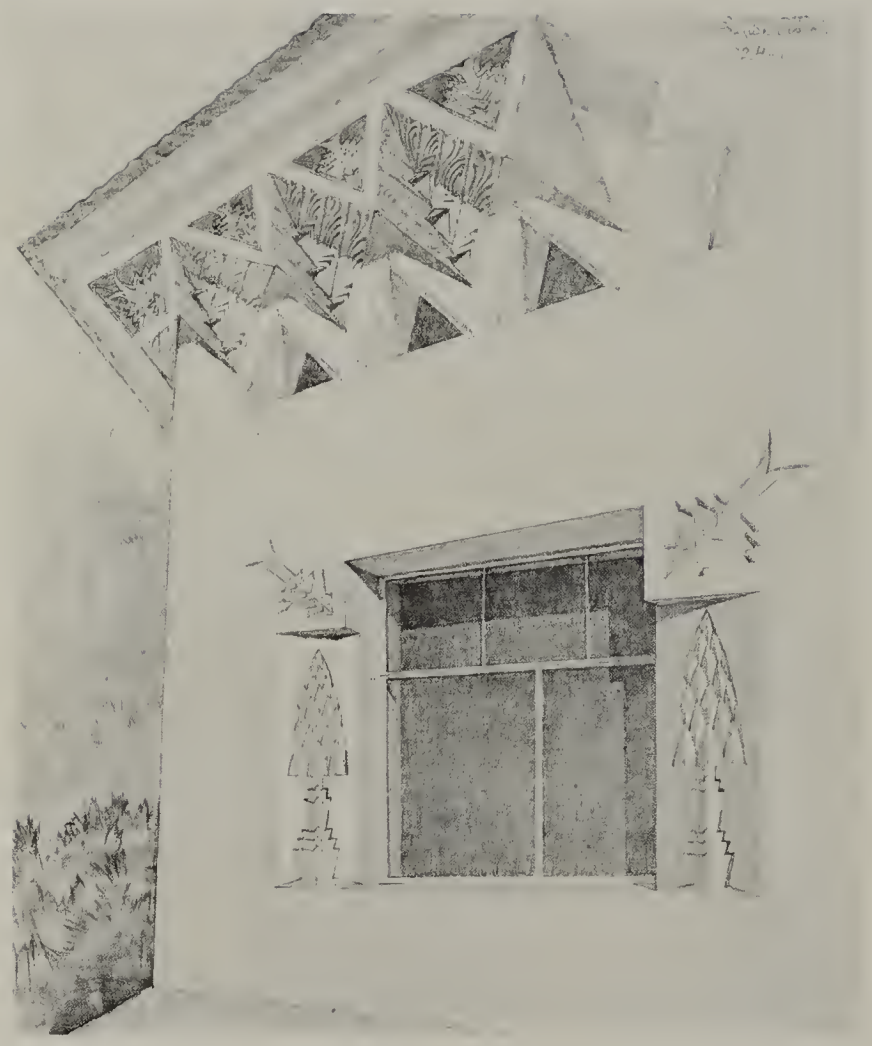


INTERIOR AND A DOOR TO THE OAK OF GIDLE PROJECT

A BRASS RAVEN
FOR THE ROOF

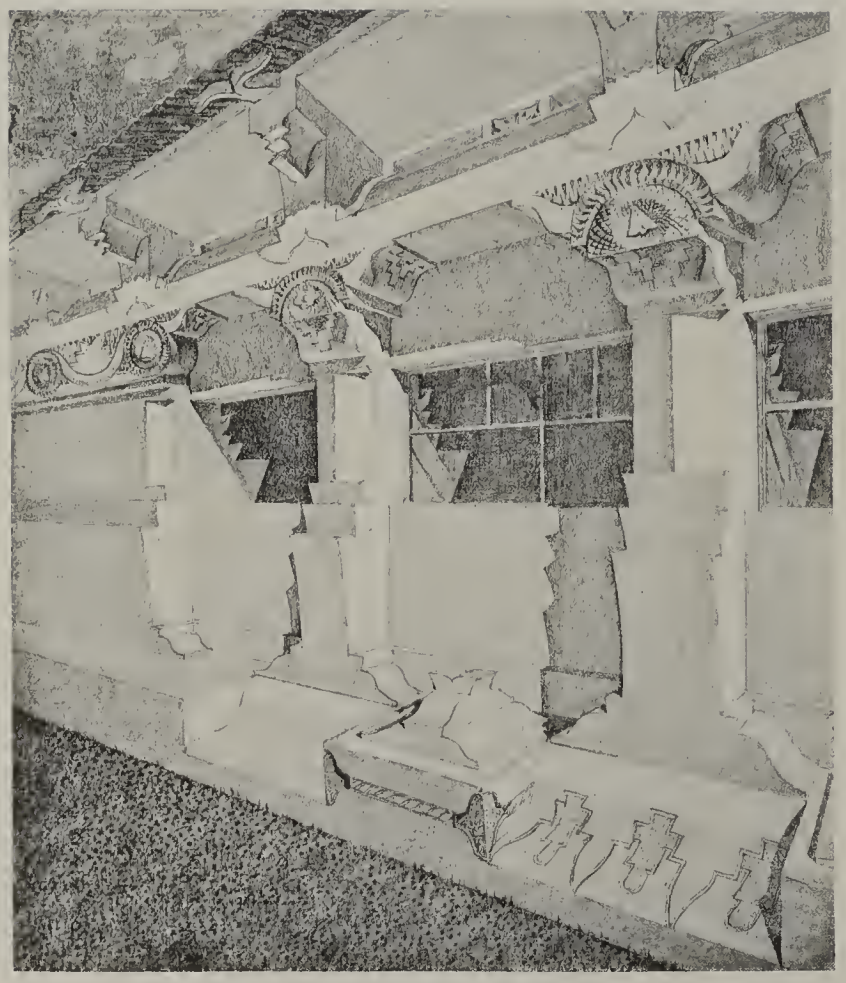


ROOF SUPPORTS LAID IN GROOVES IN OAK OF GIDLE PROJECT

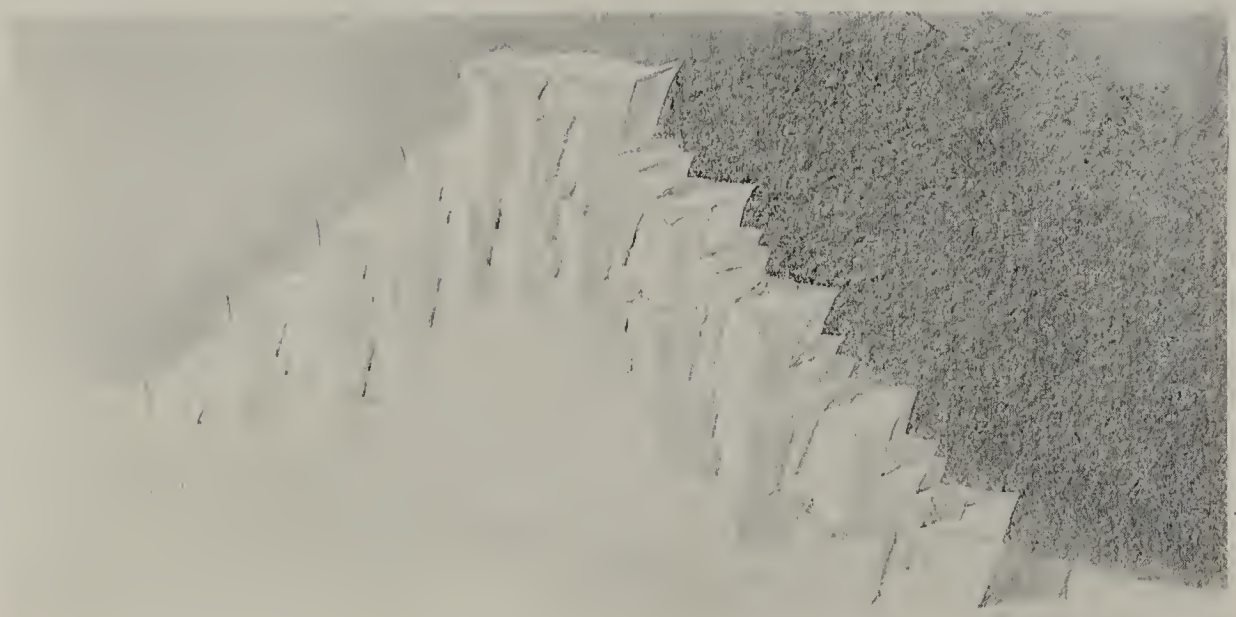


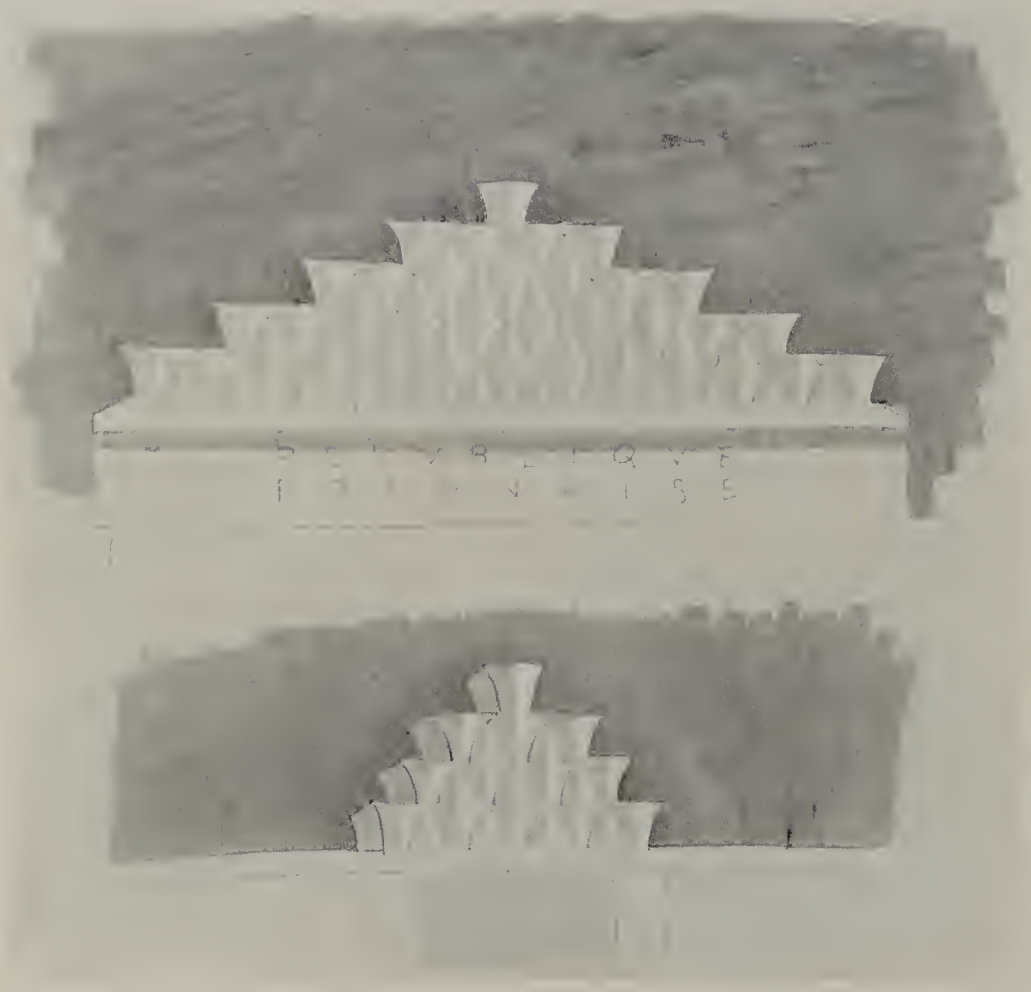
WINDOW WITH THE POLYCHROMED ROOF BRACES

A WINDOW



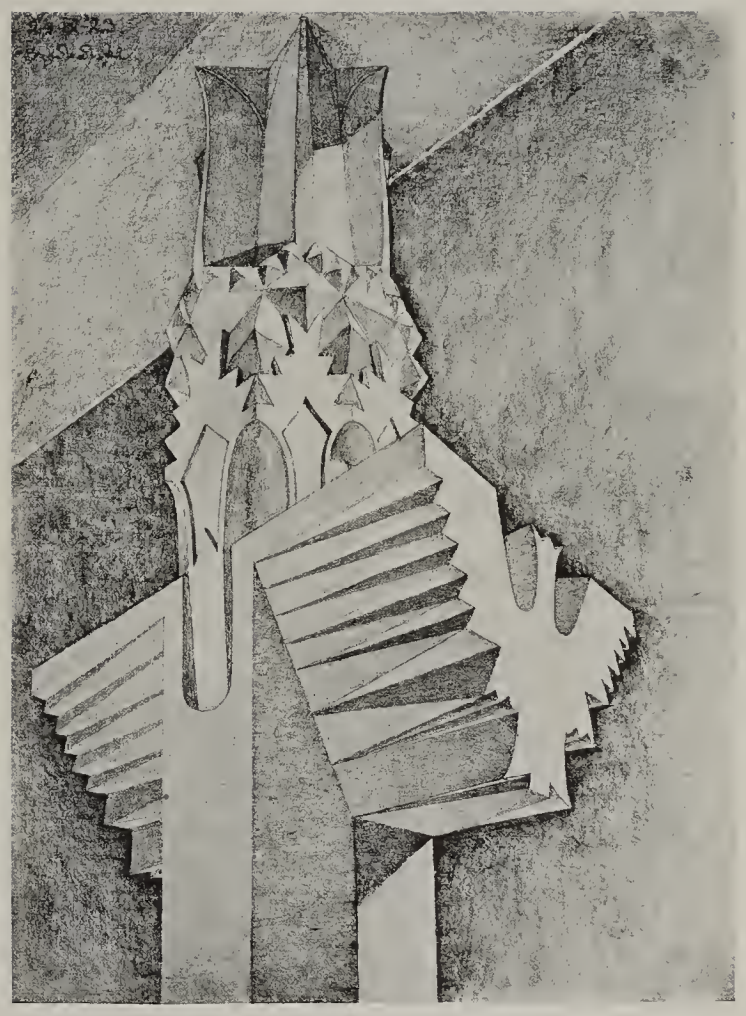
FRONTON OF A STRUCTURE





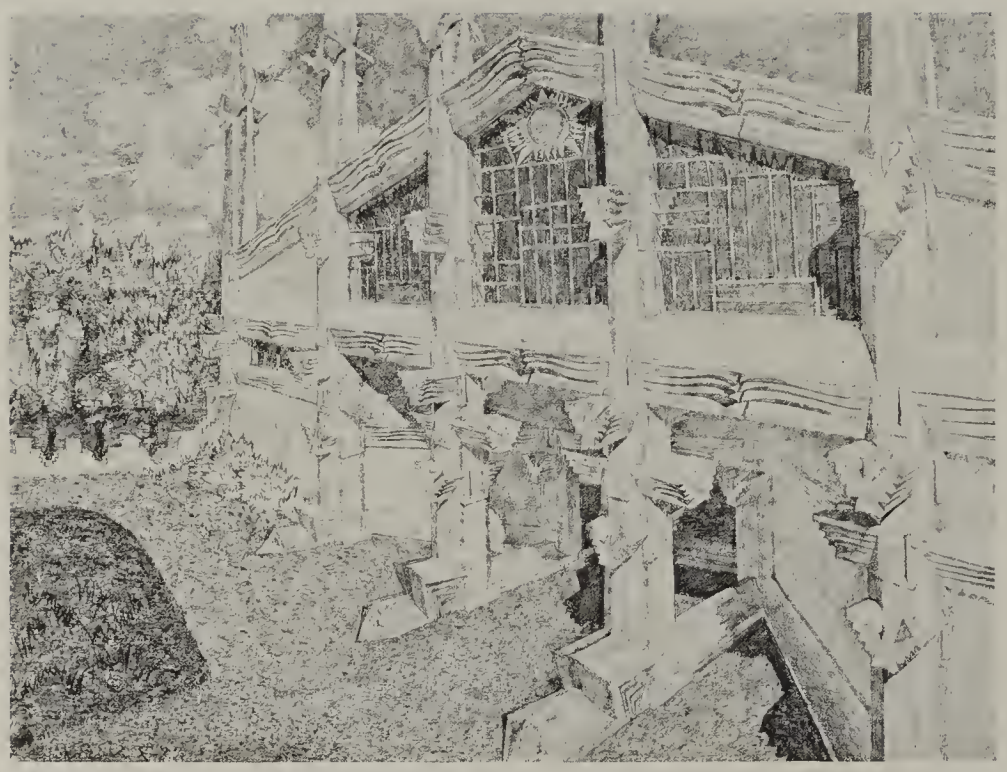
FRONTONS

THESE TWO FRONTONS ARE FROM THE POLISH PAVILION AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF DECORATIVE ARTS IN PARIS, 1925, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY PROFESSOR CZAJKOWSKI OF WARSAW. WHILE VISITING WARSAW SZUKALSKI WAS ASKED BY THE GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVE TO THE EXPOSITION TO COLLABORATE IN THE MAKING OF A NEW PROJECT FOR THE PAVILION, AS THE PREVIOUS PROJECT BY CZAJKOWSKI CAUSED CONSIDERABLE SCANDAL, BECAUSE ITS CONCEPT WAS APPROPRIATED FROM A PRE-WAR RUSSIAN PAVILION. SZUKALSKI HAD MADE INDEPENDENTLY (SEE PROJECT FOR A POLISH PAVILION ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES) A PROJECT WHICH, ALTHOUGH HIGHLY COMPLIMENTED BY CZAJKOWSKI AND HIS SATELLITE WARCHALOWSKI, WAS REJECTED ON THE GROUNDS THAT IT WAS NOT IN THE POLISH (?) STYLE. WHILE SZUKALSKI WAS OUT OF POLAND ON A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES, PROFESSOR CZAJKOWSKI MADE A NEW PROJECT FOR THE POLISH PAVILION IN A STYLE OF POLISH BARROCO AND VIENNESE SECESSION. IN SZUKALSKI'S ABSENCE HE FORGOT THE ETHICS OF THE PROFESSION AND APPROPRIATED SZUKALSKI'S CONCEPTION FOR THE FRONTONS. THE NEW ELEMENT WAS A GREAT SURPRISE TO ALL THOSE WHO KNEW PROFESSOR CZAJKOWSKI'S "STYLE." THE GILT APPLICATION TO THE PLASTER DID NOT DISGUISE THE ORIGIN OF THE CONCEPTION



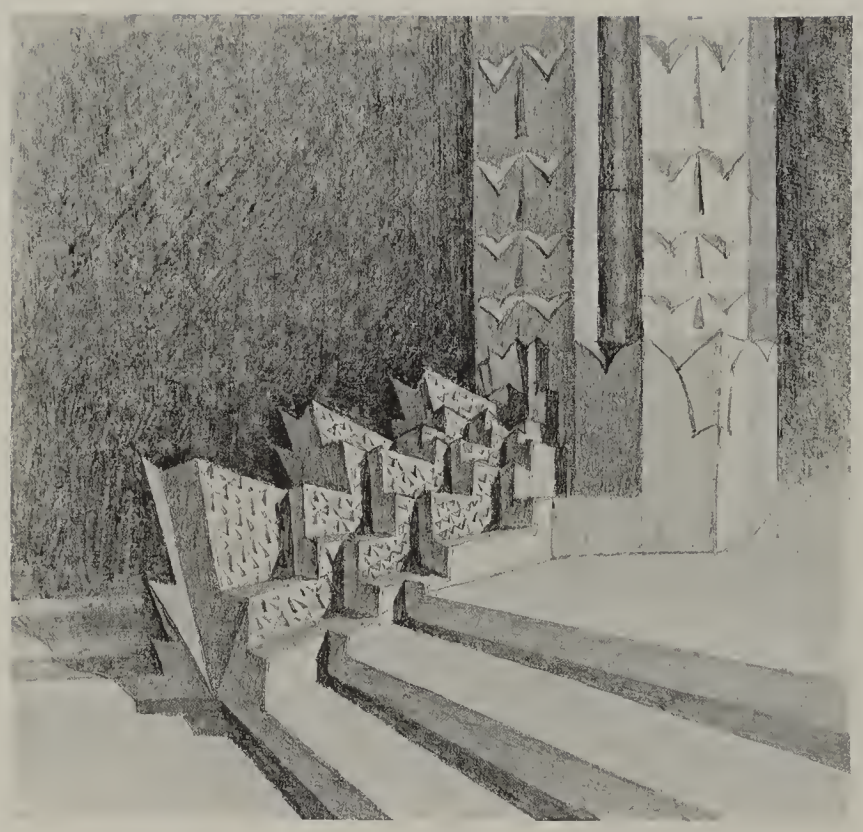
DETAIL OF POLISH PAVILION

FIRST SUGGESTION FROM WHICH WAS EVOLVED THE PROJECTED PAVILION



POLISH PAVILION. FRONTON PROJECT (POLYCHROMED)

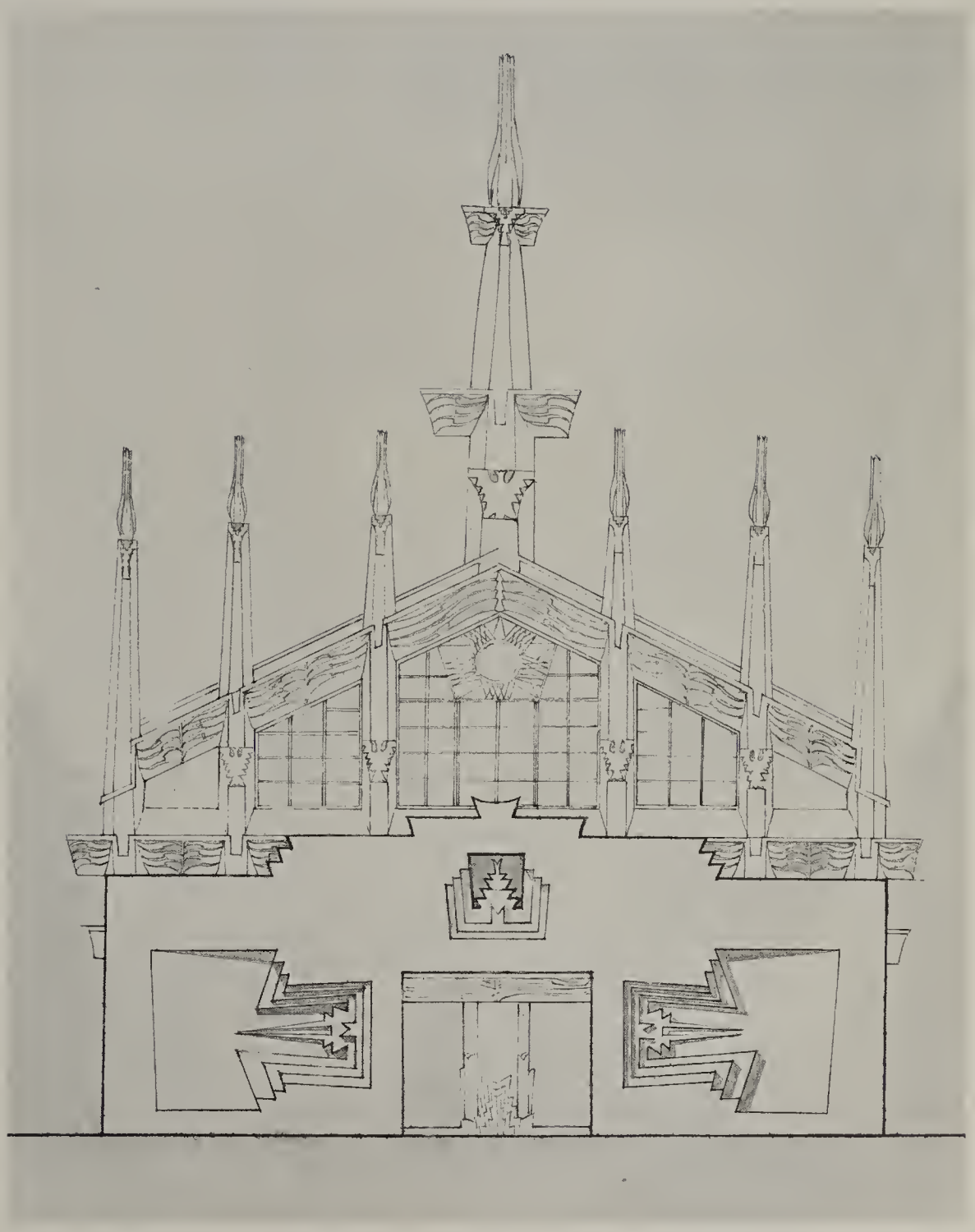
THE ROOF OF THE POLISH PAVILION



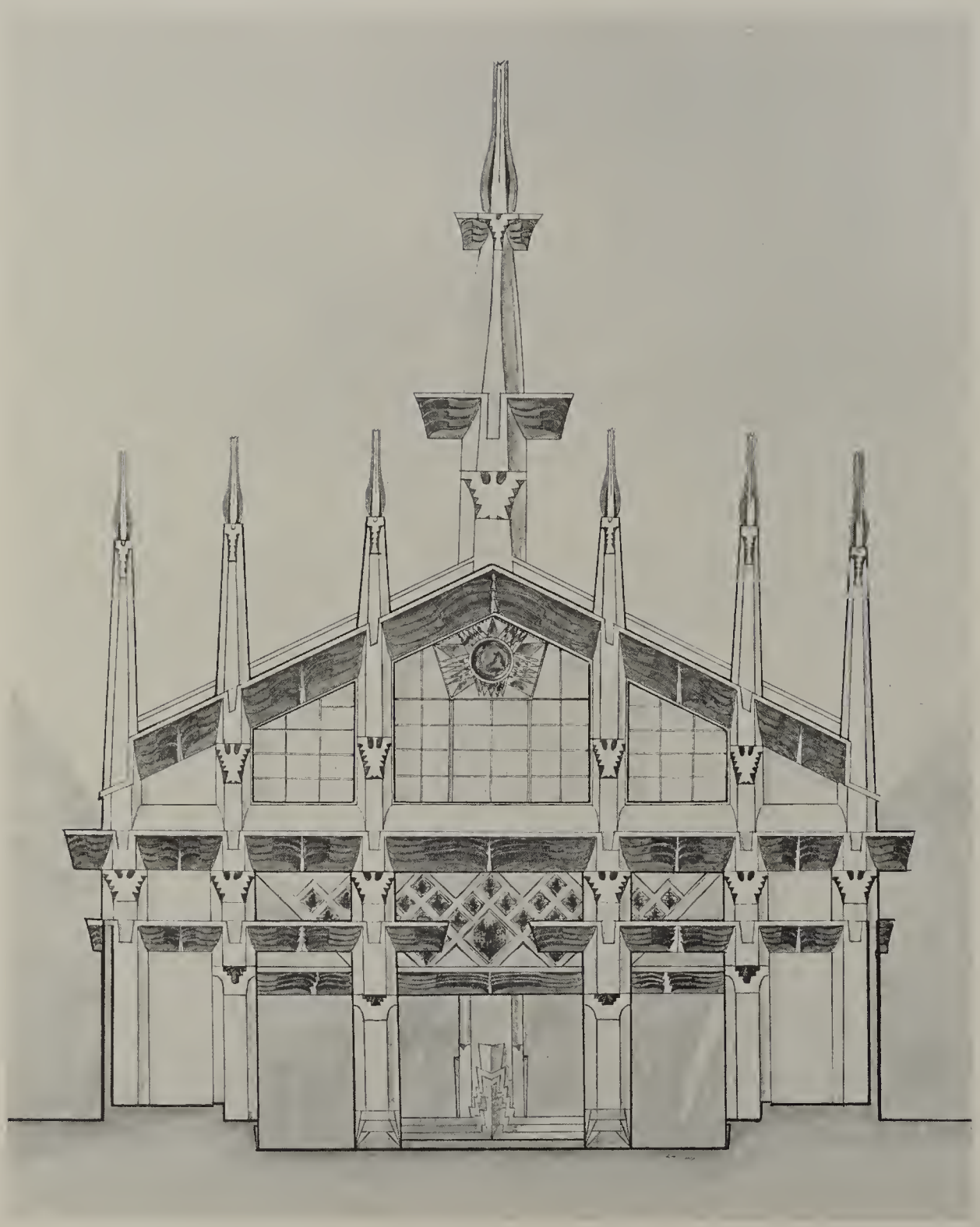
POLISH PAVILION

FIRST TOWER-PILLAR AT THE JUNCTION

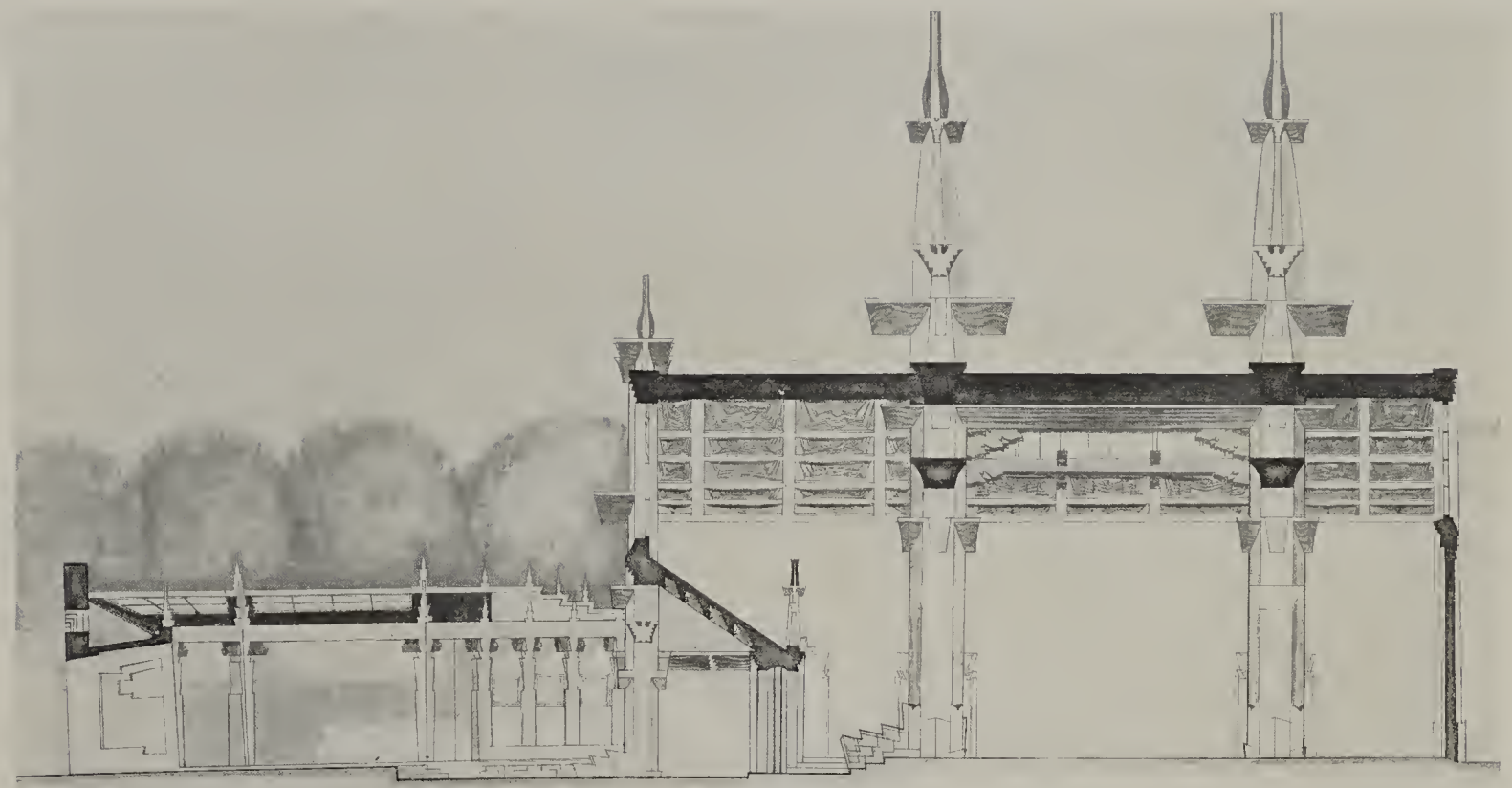
OF THE ENTRANCE-STAIRS



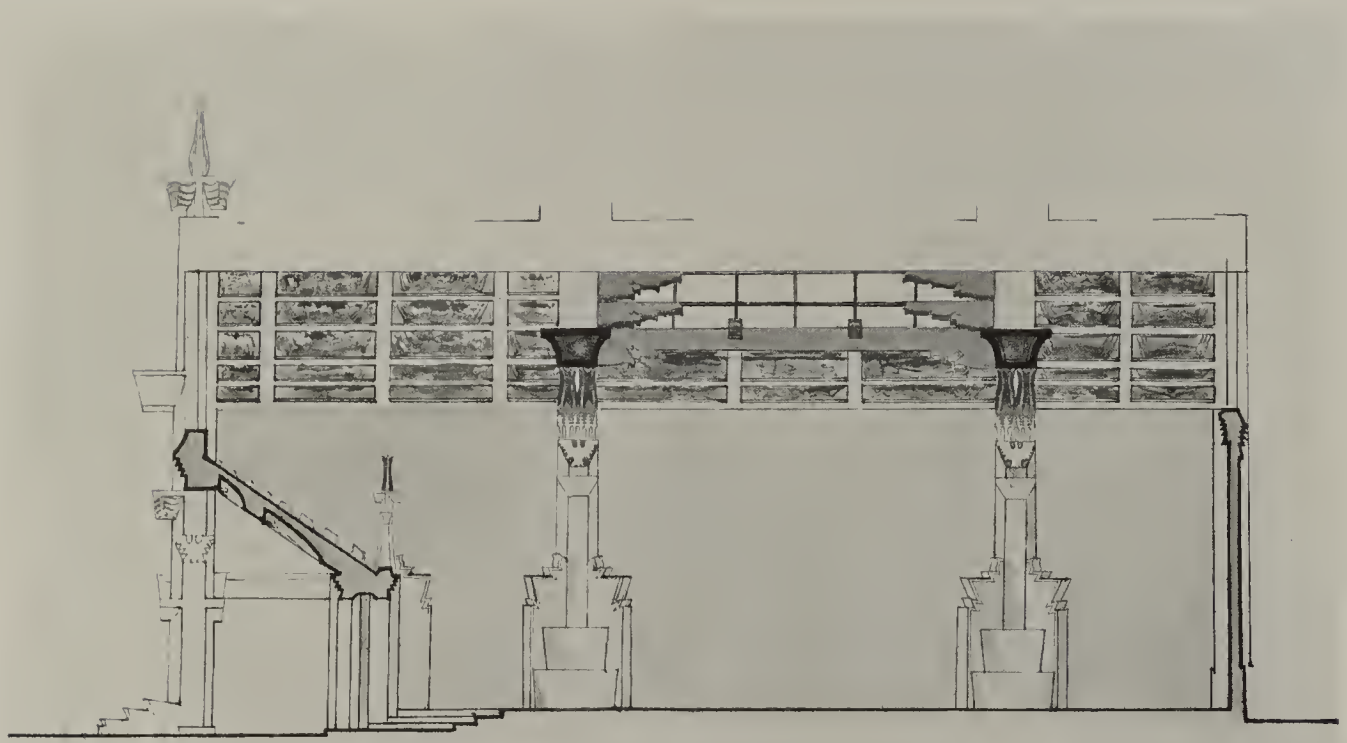
GATE (IN HEAVIER LINES) TO THE GROUNDS OF THE PAVILION



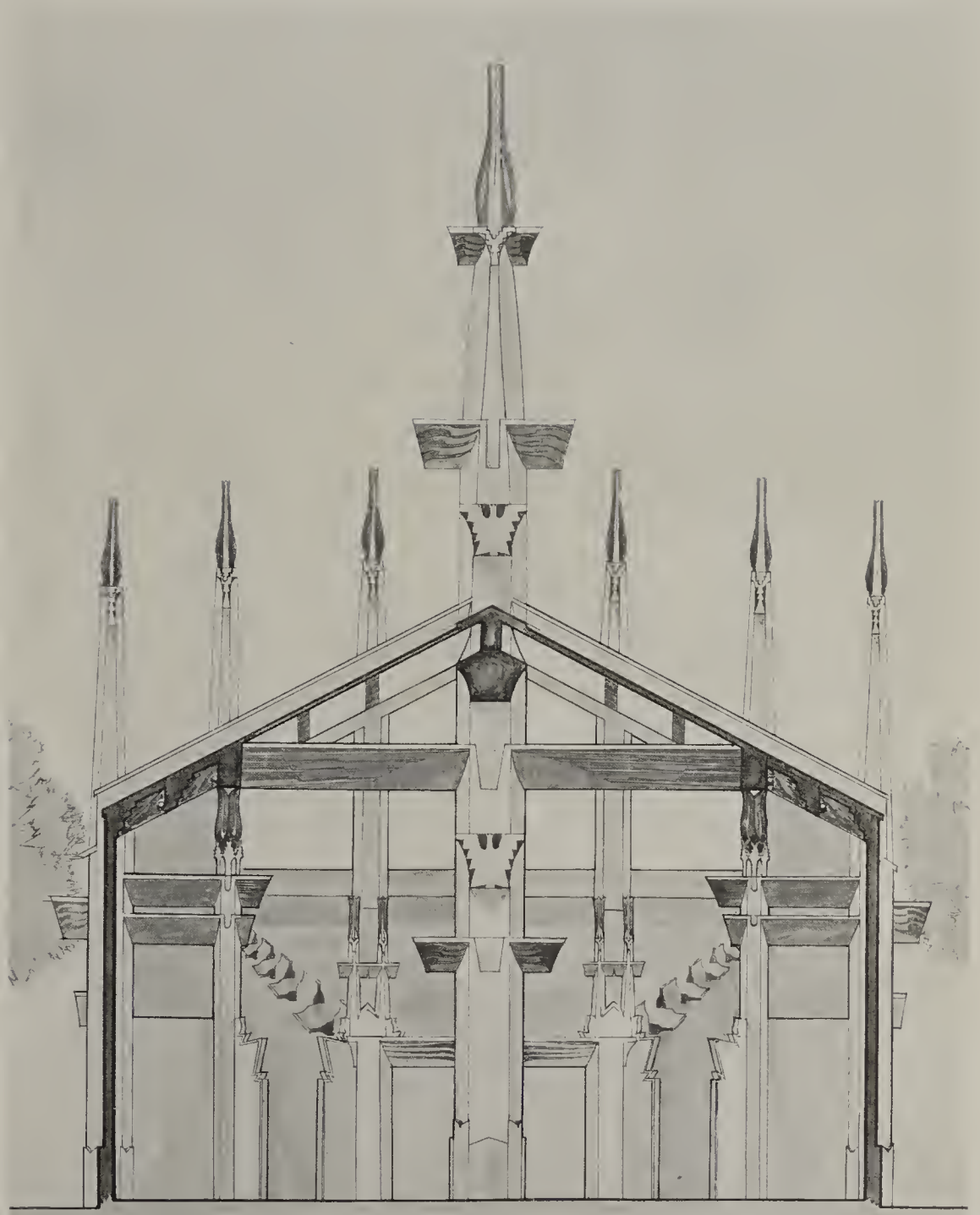
FRONTON OF THE PAVILION



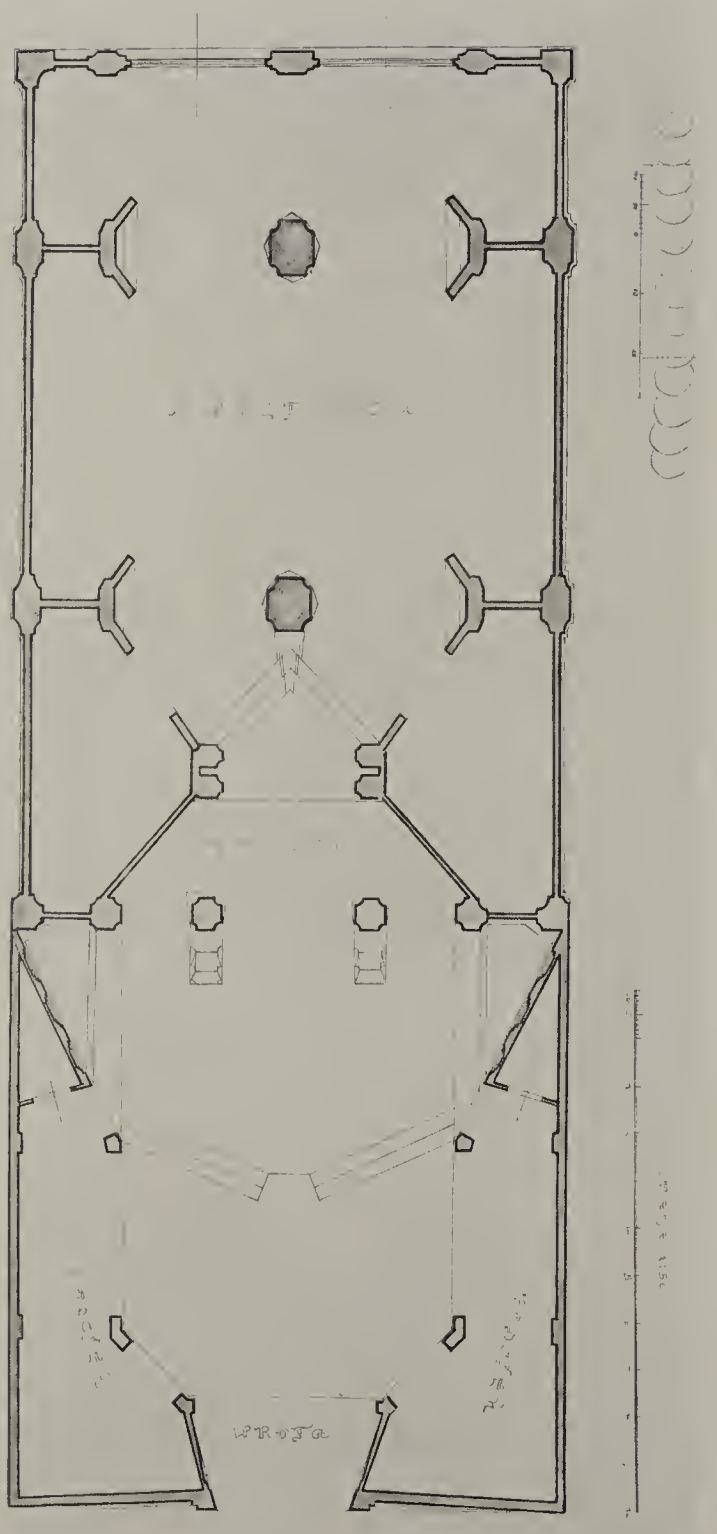
LENGTHWISE CROSS-SECTION OF THE PAVILION AND THE GROUND IN FRONT OF IT



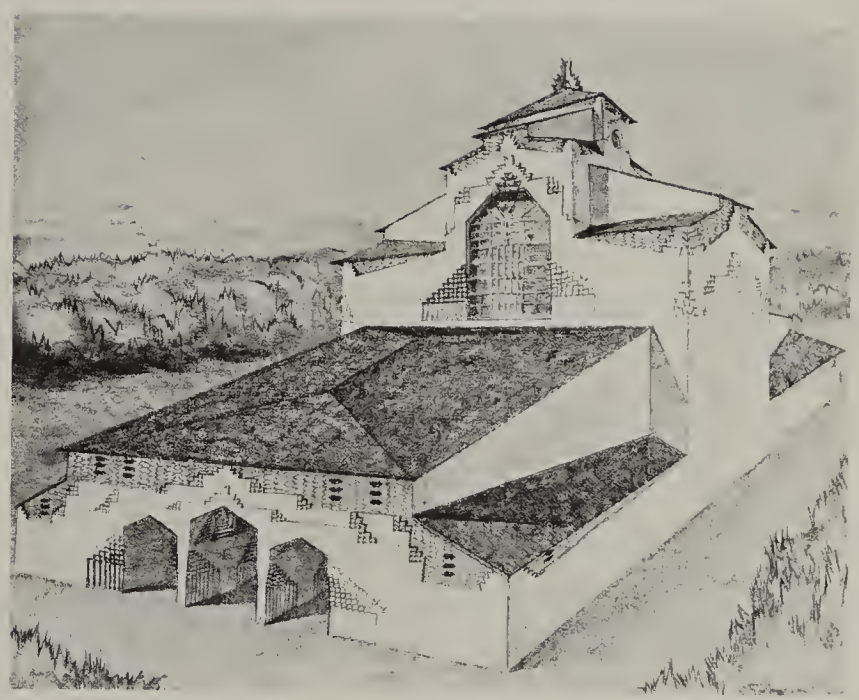
LENGTHWISE CROSS-SECTION OF THE PAVILION EXPOSING THE SIDE COLUMNS WITH THEIR "APRONS"



INSIDE VIEW OF THE PAVILION FACING THE FIRST TOWER-COLUMN AND THE ENTRANCE



GROUND PLAN OF THE PAVILION AND THE
GROUND IN FRONT OF IT



PROJECT FOR A STRUCTURE

KRAK, BATTLING WITH THE DRAGON

"KRAK" IS THE ANCIENT POLISH WORD FOR "RAVEN."

HE IS THE TRADITIONAL FOUNDER OF KRAKOW CITY.

SCULPTURE MADE FOR THE POLISH PAVILION IN PARIS, BUT

INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR THE VAVELIAN PROJECT

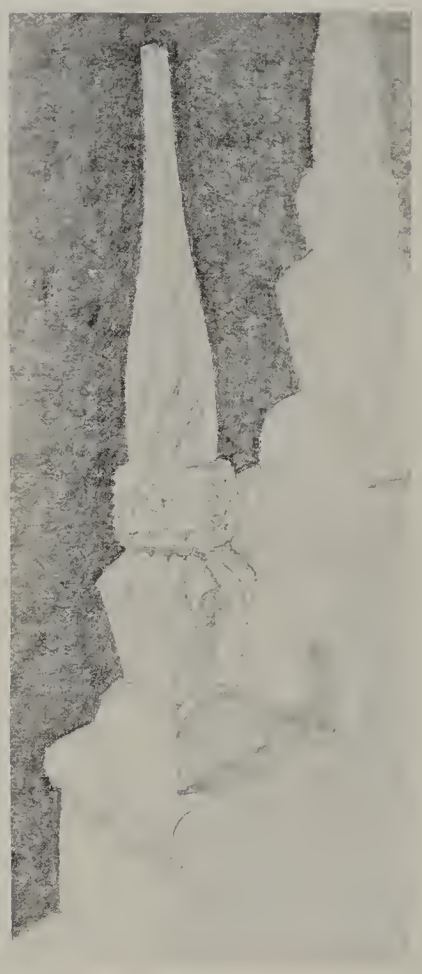
KRAK

KRAK—FRONT VIEW

KRAK—FRAGMENT

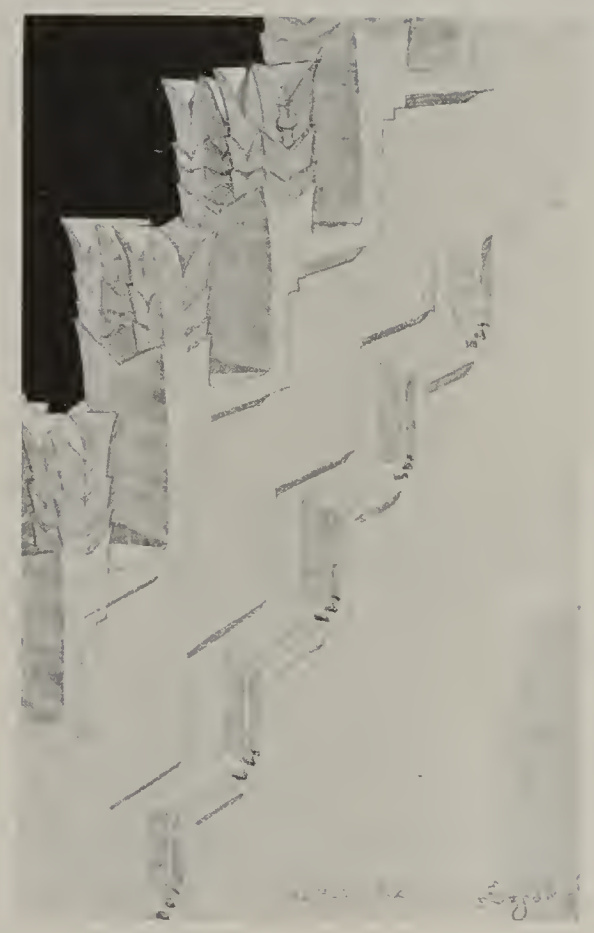
PROJECT FOR A HOME IN KAZIMIERZ

PROJECT FOR A HOME IN KAZIMIERZ

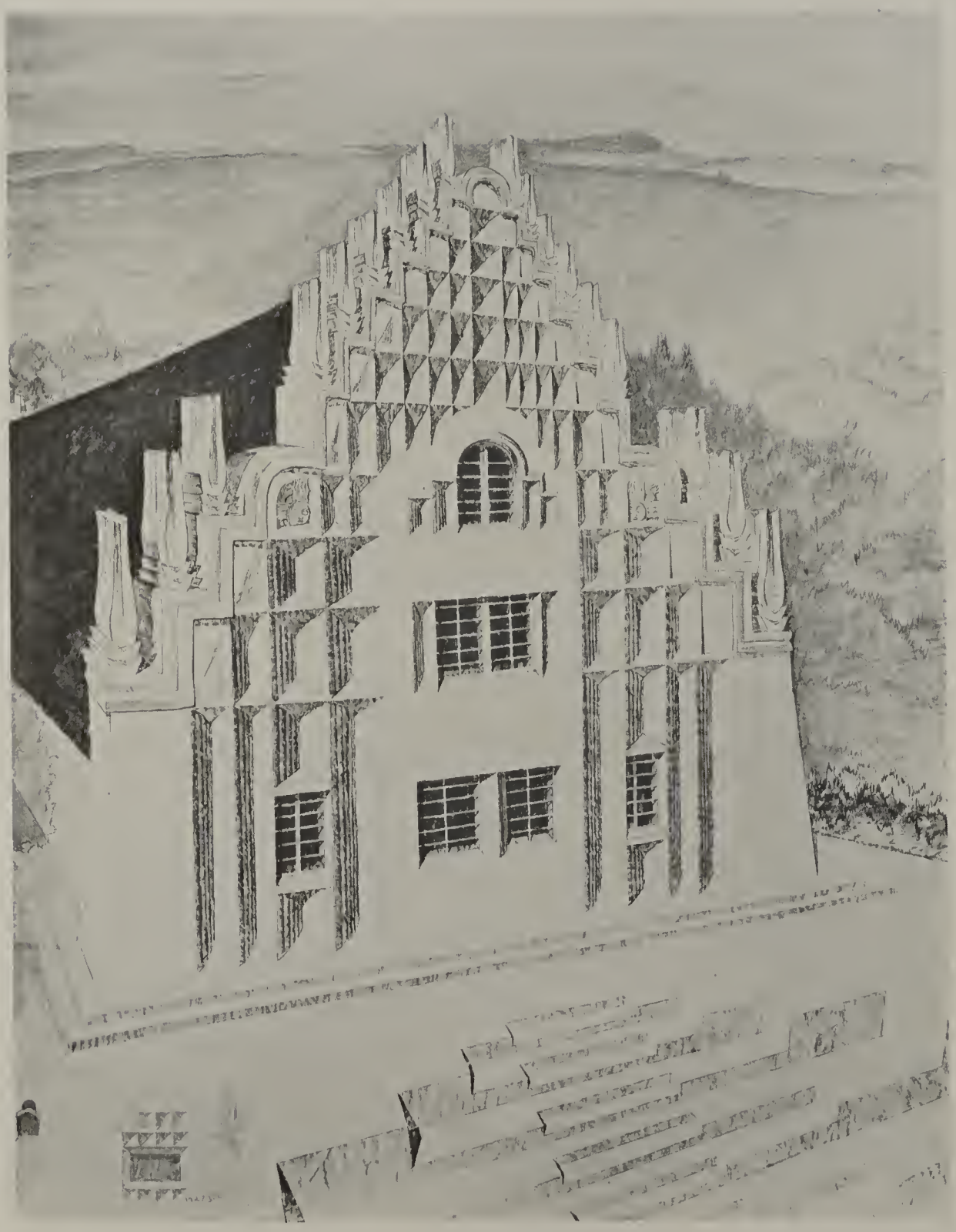


A FRAGMENT OF THE PROJECT

FOR A HOME IN KAZIMIERZ



A FRAGMENT FOR THE KAZIMIERZ PROJECT



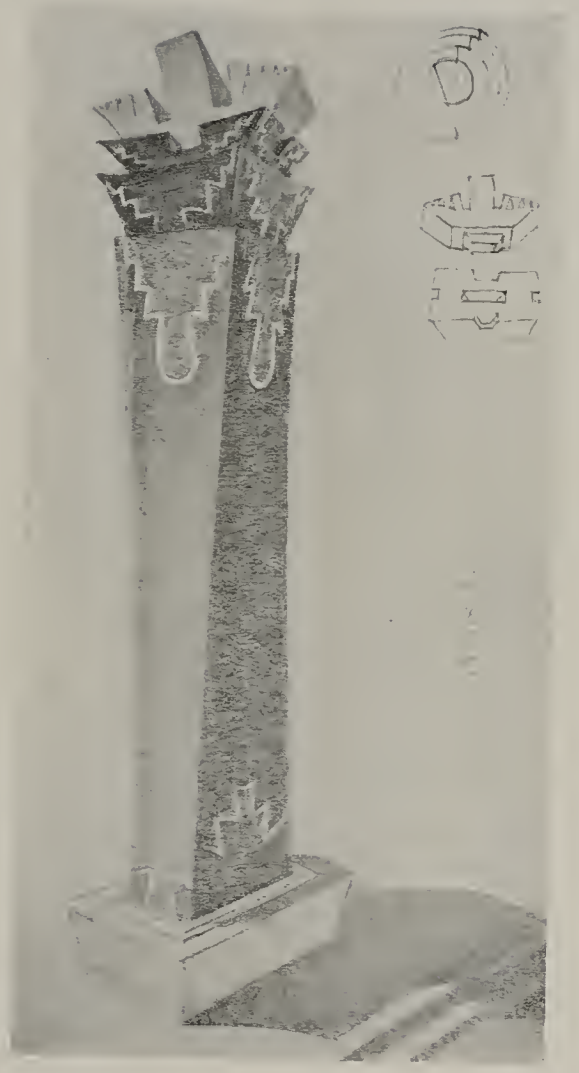
A PROJECT TO CHANGE MY HOME IN KAZIMIERZ

A CONCRETE, CEMENT DOORWAY

A VASE

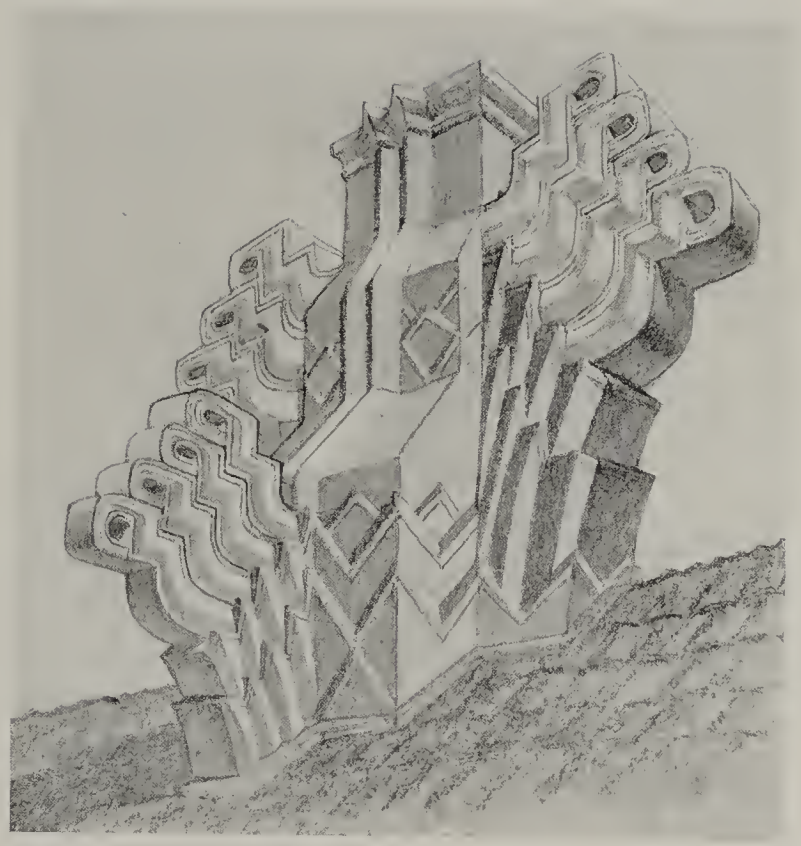
A TEMPLE

AN IDOL COLUMN

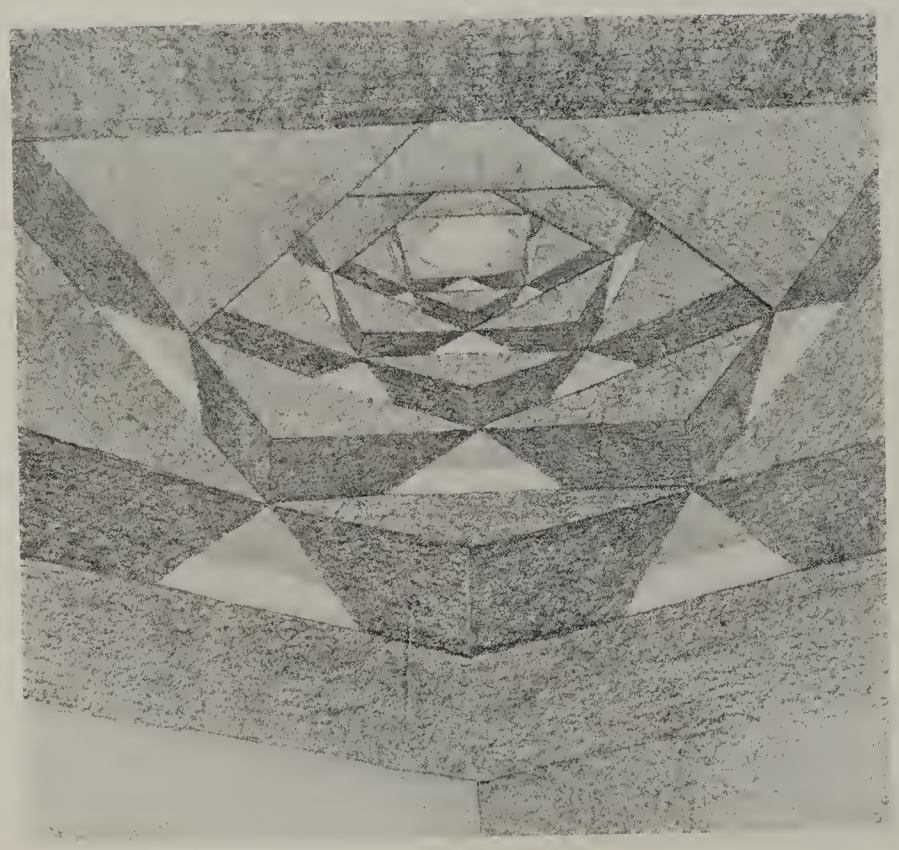


A COLUMN

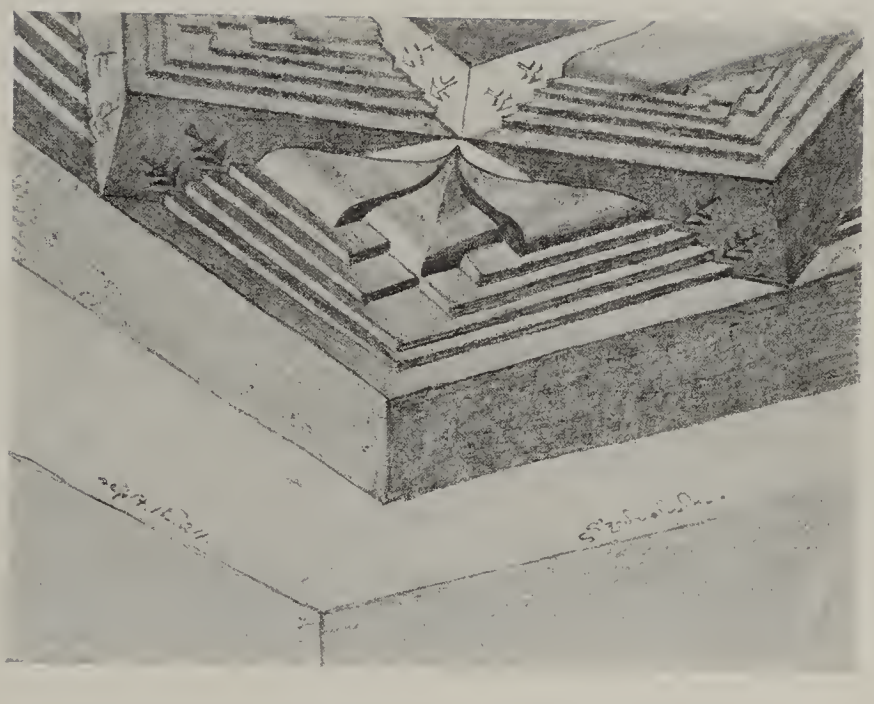
ORPHEUS



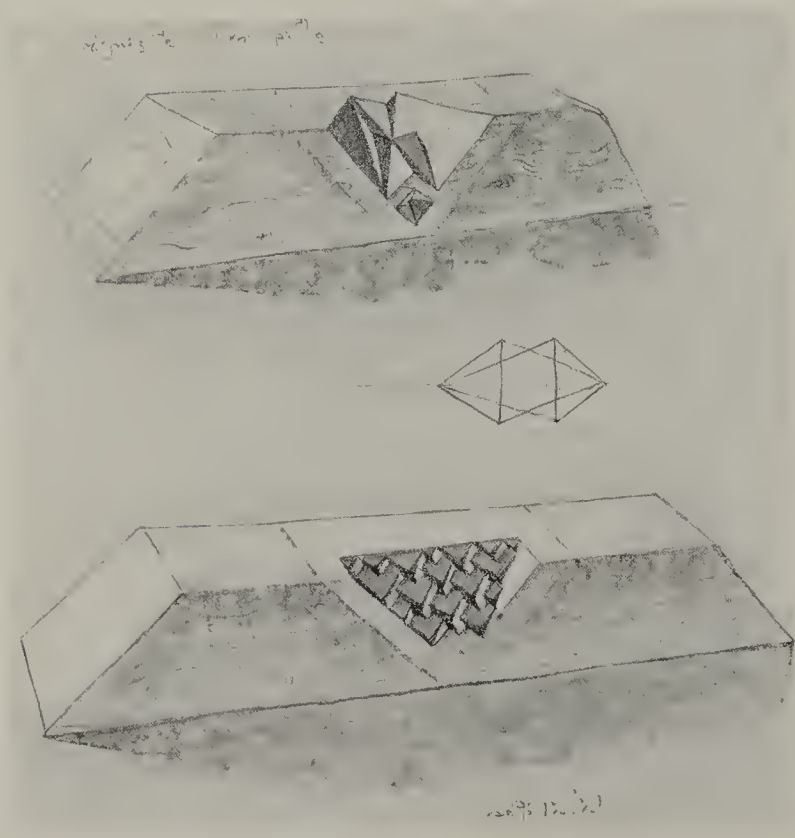
A CHIMNEY



A SKYLIGHT

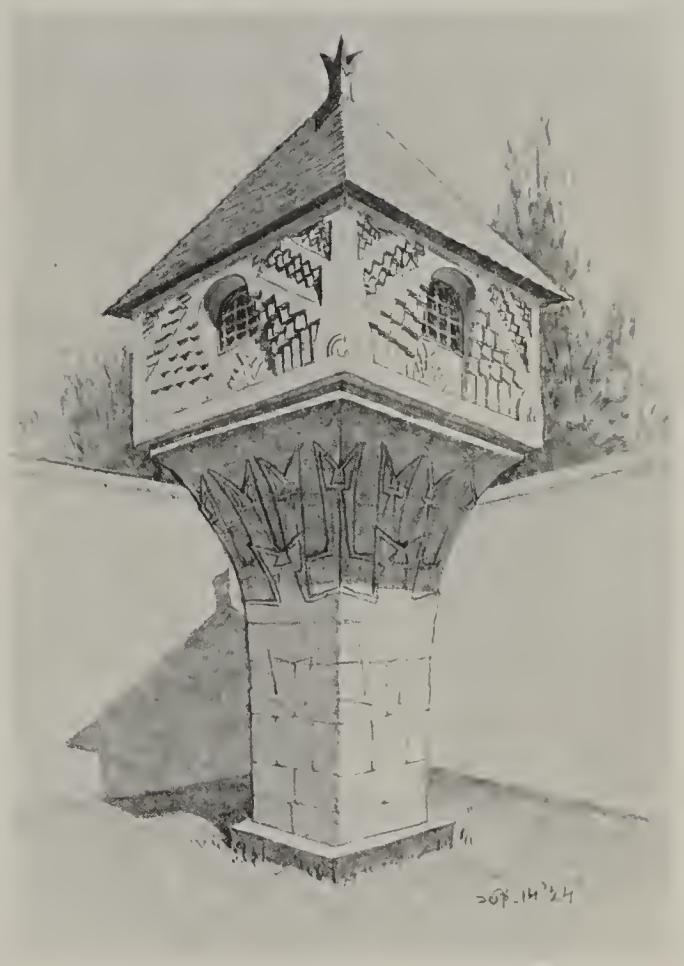


ELABORATION OF THE BEAMS IN THE SKYLIGHT



BEAMS FOR THE SKYLIGHT

PIGEON TOWER

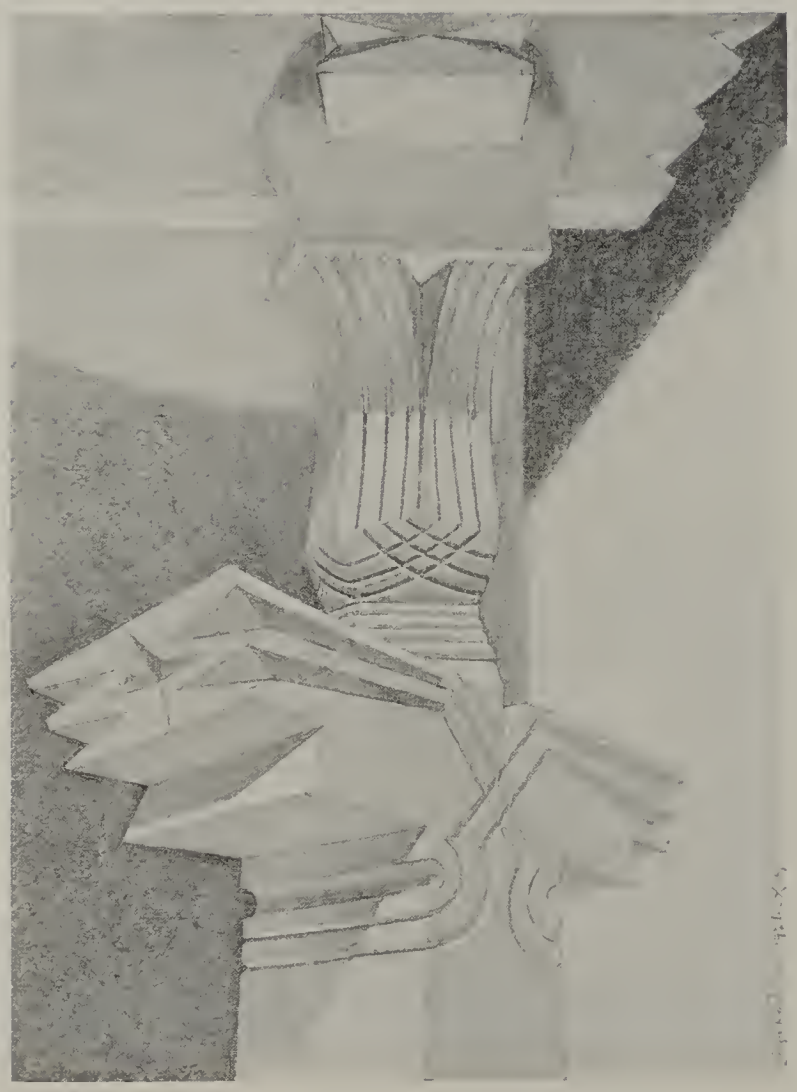


"THE DEVIL"

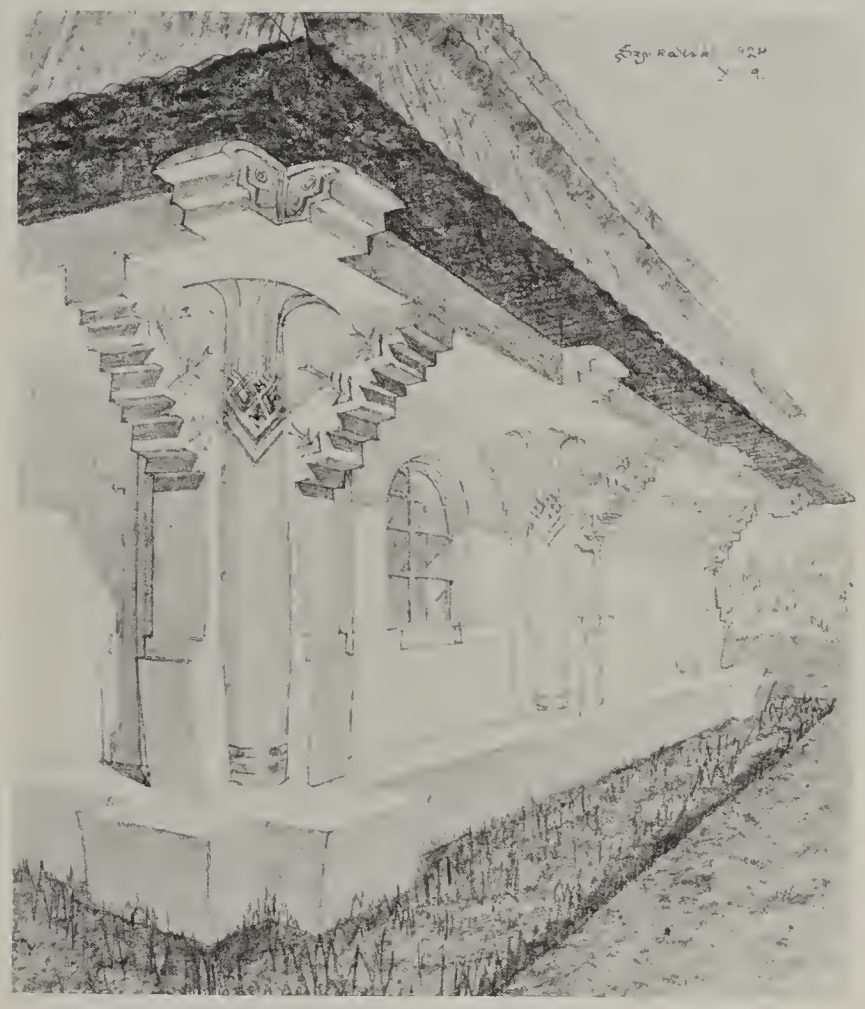
A REFUGE FROM INTERRUPTION. THE ENTRANCE IS AT THE TOP OF THE ADJOINING WALL. THE DOOR IS IN THE FORM OF DRAWBRIDGE, OPENED WITH THE AID OF A CANE

AN ARCHWAY

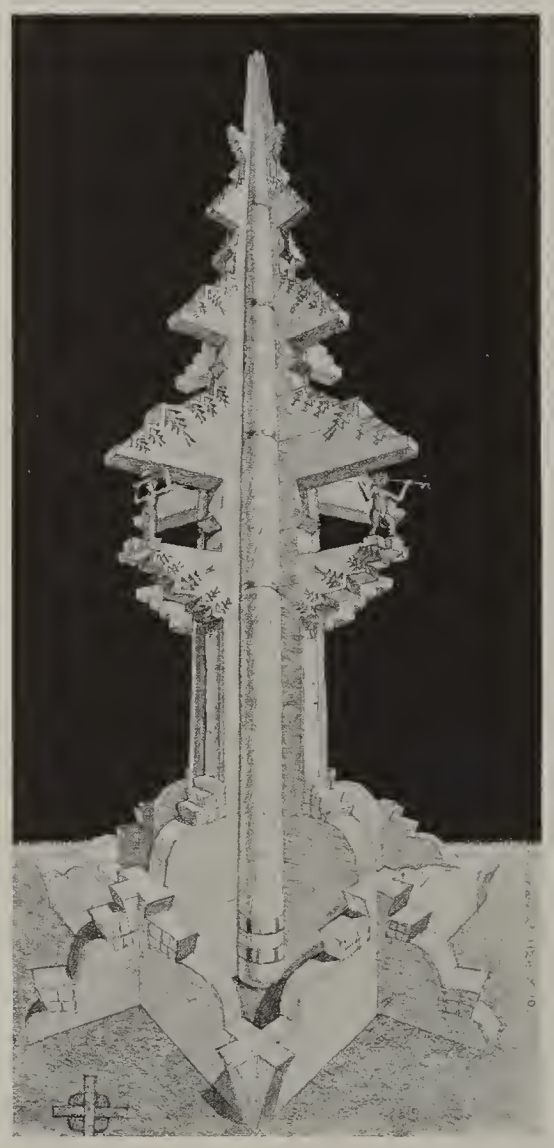
A HOME WITH FOUR CORNER COLUMNS



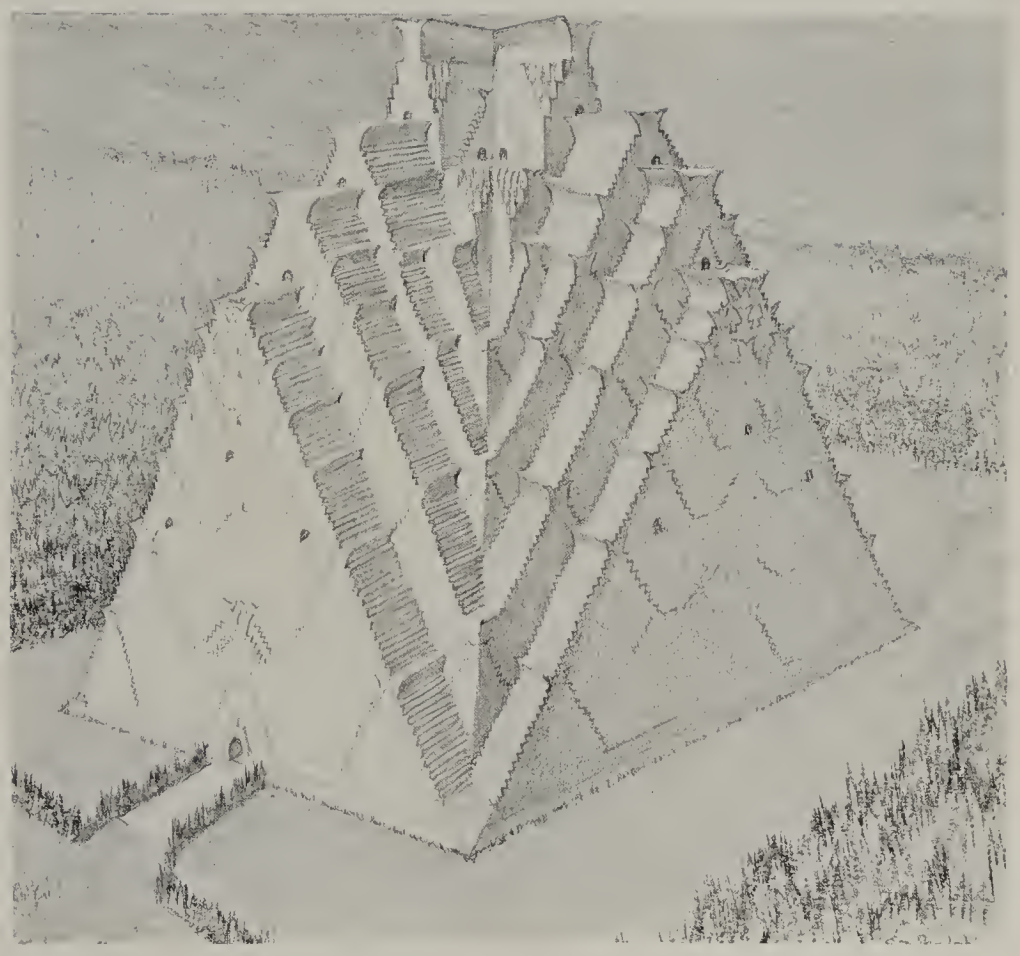
CORNER OF THE OUTWARD-FACING COLUMN OF THE PRECEDING PROJECT



A CORNER OF A HOUSE



THE SACRED TREE



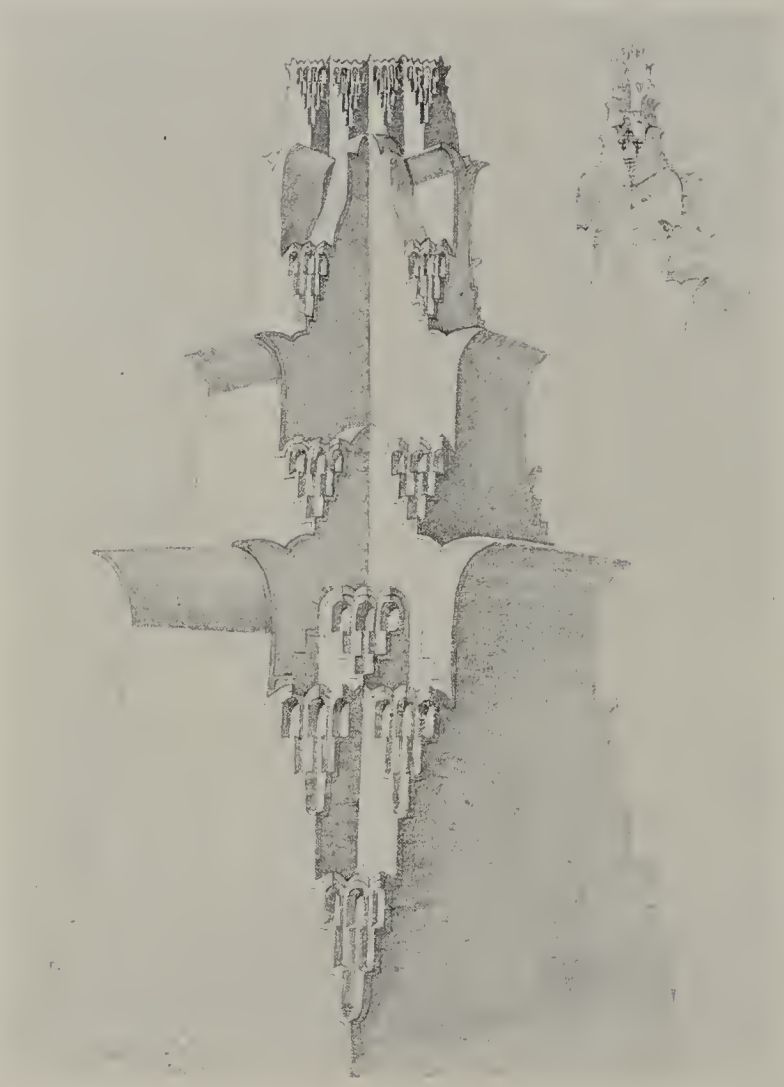
CRIMAMID

BUILT OUT OF THE ASHES OF CREMATED BODIES AND MIXED WITH CEMENT. EACH BRICK IS NUMBERED, BEGINNING ANEW WITH EACH YEAR. IT IS BUILT OVER A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO THE GREAT MEN OF THE NATION. A MAN CAN WILL HIS REMAINS TO THE CRIMAMID EVEN IF HE IS AN EMIGRANT OR AN EXILE

CRIMAMID

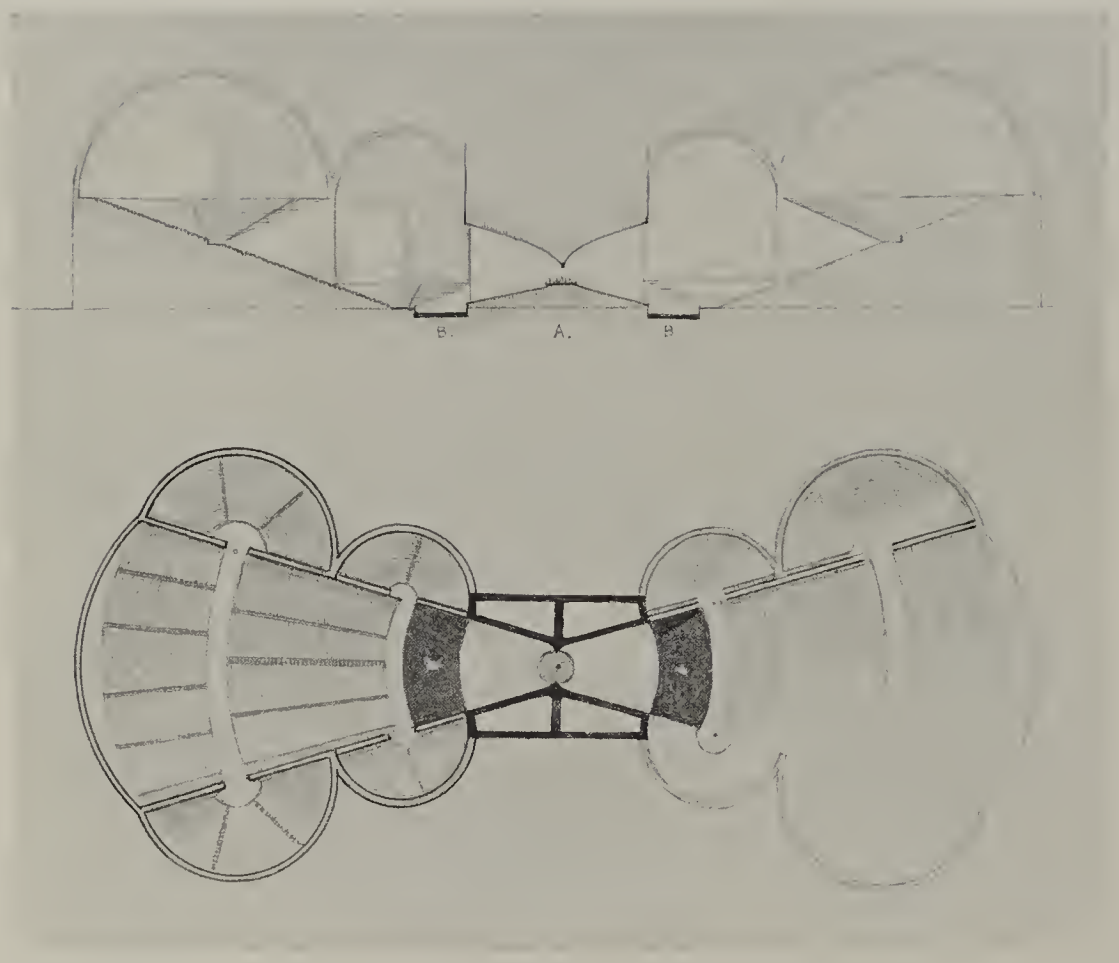
INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE. IN THE MIDDLE THE SARCOPHAGUS WILL STAND. THE WALLS ARE POLYCHROMED, INLAID WITH MAJOLICA AND DELICATE ORNAMENTATION

FRAGMENT OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CRIMAMID
WITH THE MAJOLICA "PEGS"



PINNACLE OF THE CRIMAMHD

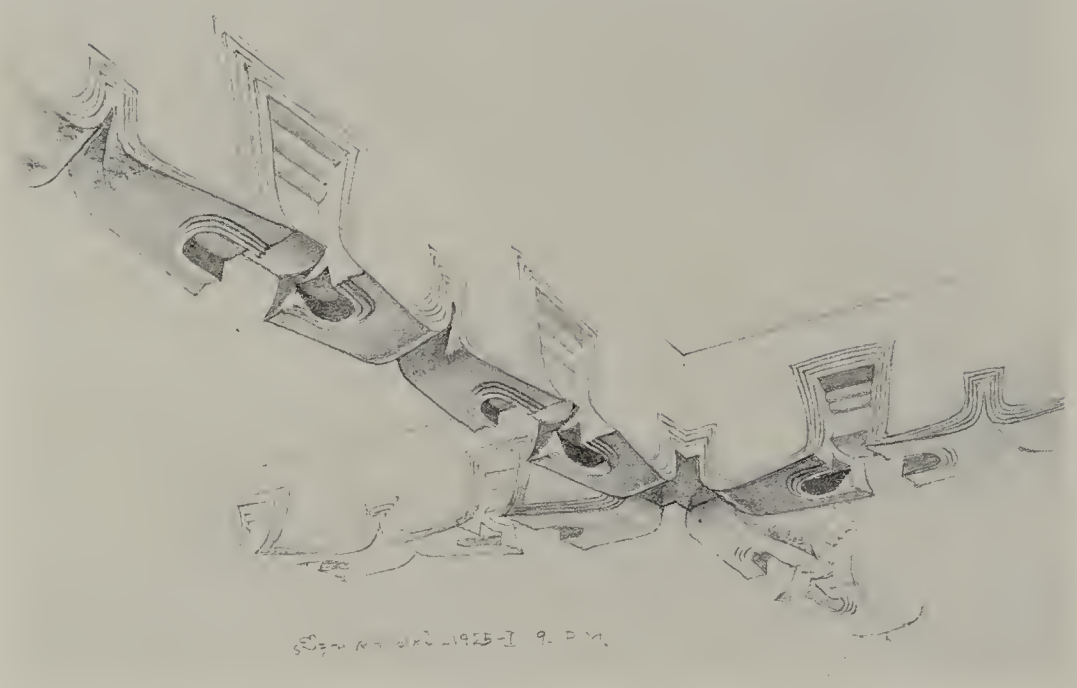
HEAD OF THE POLYCHROMED PILLAR



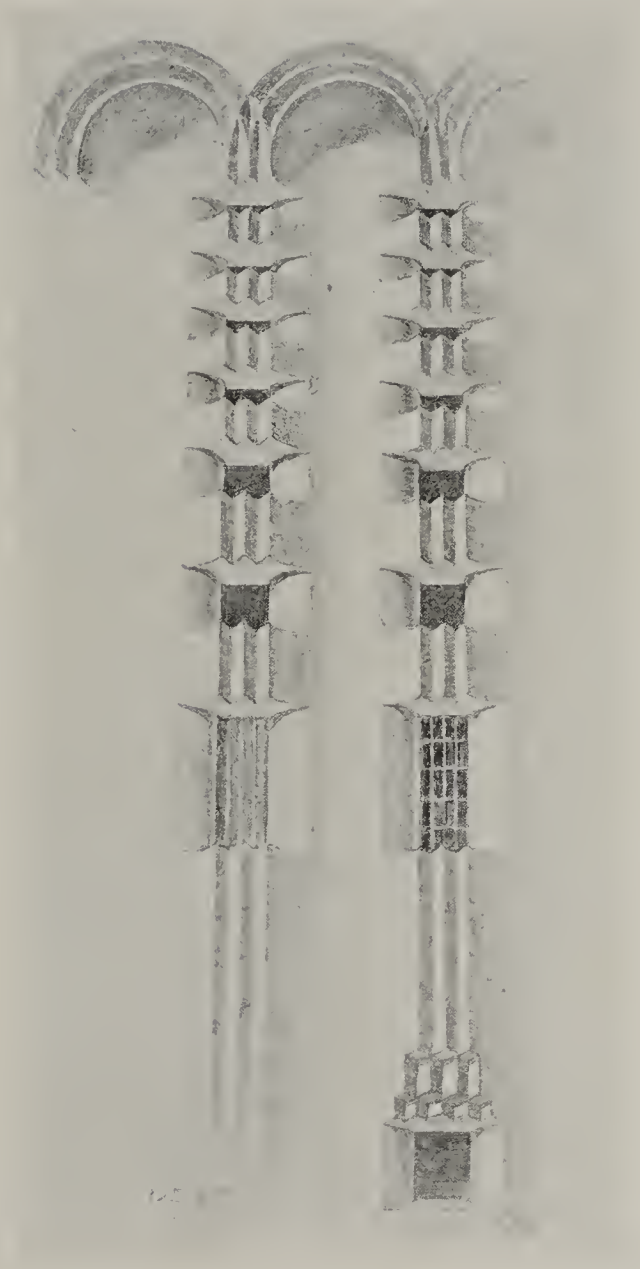
TWO CONCERT HALLS

BUILT WITH WATER-BASINS BETWEEN THE STAGE AND THE AUDIENCES. *A* IS THE STAGE, *B* THE BASINS. THE PLAN ELIMINATES THE "ECHO" AND DISTORTION OF SOUNDS IN A STRUCTURE LARGE ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE BOTH AUDIENCES IN ONE AUDITORIUM

AN EAGLE



CEILING BEAMS



A FRONTON SO FORMED AS TO HIDE THE
WINDOWS WHEN VIEWED FROM THE SIDE

A RIVER-FRONT STAIRWAY

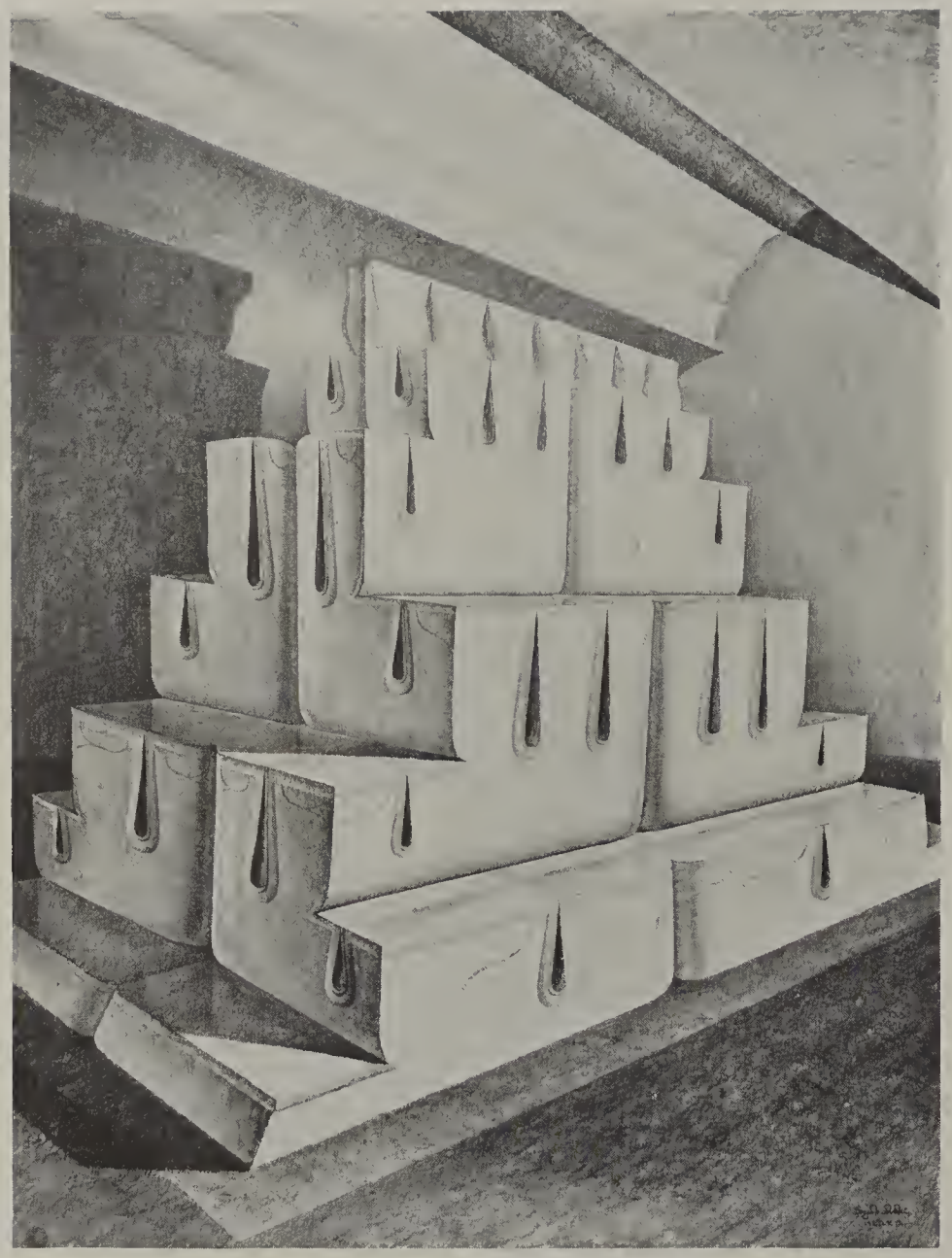
THE HANDS (FRAGMENT) FOR
"BIRTH OF A THOUGHT"

"IKHNATON"

HEAD OF "IKHNATON"

HANDS OF "IKHNATON"

PROJECT FOR AN OFFICIAL NATIONAL EMBLEM OF AN EAGLE



SARCOPHAGUS FOR THE POET SLOWACKI

FOR GDYNIA NEAR DANZIG—A NEW POLISH PORT UNDER CONSTRUCTION. A FIGURE OF A YOUTH TRYING OUT A NEW BOW, TO BE MADE IN BRONZE. A WIND-INSTRUMENT BELOW, WHICH MAKES A LOW HUM WITH THE SLIGHTEST AIR MOVEMENT

A MONUMENT ON THE BORDERLAND TO COMMEMORATE THE UNION OF POL-LITVANIA

AN ANIMAL LICKING OUT A SPLINTER—MADE IN STONE

AWAKENING

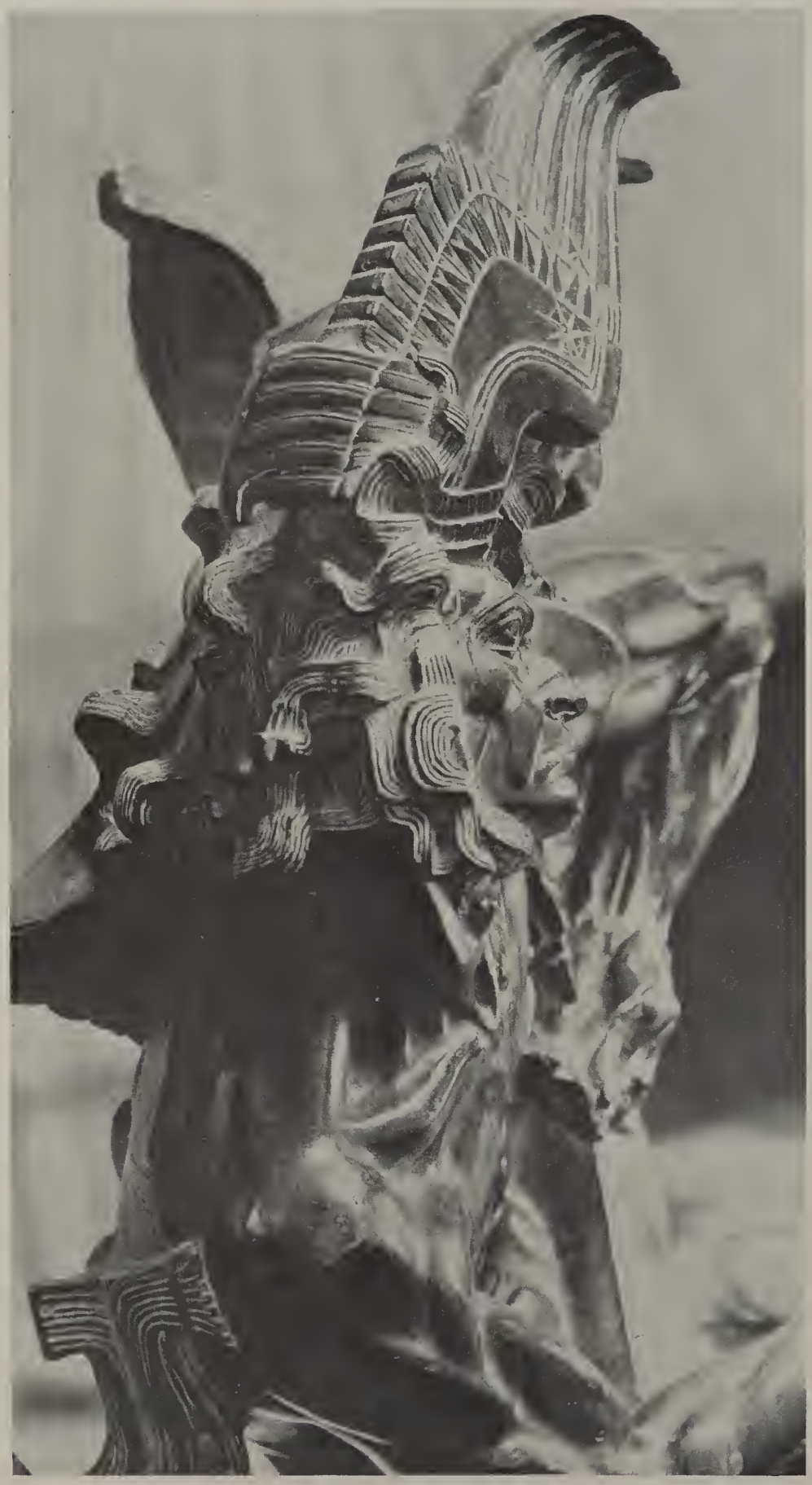
PROJECT FOR A MONUMENT TO MICKIEWICZ IN THE CITY OF WILNO

MICKIEWICZ WAS A POET, BUT ALSO SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT—SOMETHING LIKE MOSES TO THE JEWS. IT IS DUE TO HIS WORK CHIEFLY THAT THE POLISH NATION HAD THE ENDURANCE AND WILL TO SURVIVE

MICKIEWICZ FEEDING THE NATIONAL EAGLE WITH HIS BLOOD

HE IS THE ALTAR AND THE OFFERER. THE RAINBOW FORMS A POLE ON WHICH IS THE FLAG; THE EAGLE COMES FROM THE FLAG. IN THE REAR ARE SEEN HANDS IN A CLUSTER, A CONTINUATION OF THE PEDESTAL; THE HANDS BELONG TO THOSE WHO FELL BEFORE HE CAME, AND ARE THANKING HIM FOR REVIVING THE OUTRAGED PEOPLE

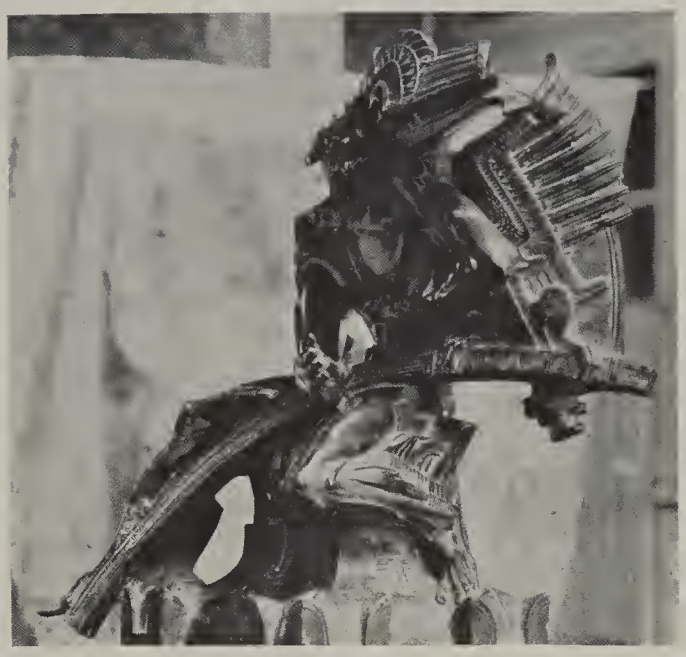
HEAD OF MICKIEWICZ



FRAGMENT (MICKIEWICZ)

MICKIEWICZ

MICKIEWICZ



MICKIEWICZ

LEG OF MICKIEWICZ

LEG WITH THE SPIDERS AND THE RAINBOW—MICKIEWICZ

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE

A SORT OF A "LAST OF THE MOHICANS." BOLESLAW WOULD NOT SUBMIT TO ROME AND CHRISTIANITY. HE SLEW THE BISHOP STANISLAW (AFTERWARD SEINTE) AT THE ALTAR, AND ORDERED HIM TO BE CUT TO PIECES AND FED TO EAGLES. HE HAS BEEN ALTOGETHER NEGLECTED BY POLISH HISTORY, AND INTENTIONALLY FORGOTTEN. NOW, HOWEVER, DOCUMENTS REVEAL THAT THE BISHOP WAS A TRAITOR AND ATTEMPTED TO HELP THE ENEMIES TO BREAK DOWN THE STATE THAT WOULD NOT SUBMIT TO ROME. WITH HIS LEFT HAND HE HOLDS THE "SHOOTS" OF THE TRUNK ON A BELT. THEY ARE THE TRIBES THAT COME FROM THE SAME RACE. BY HIS LEFT FOOT THE MOTHER-EARTH MARKS A MYSTIC CIRCLE WITH HER CLAWS TO INDICATE THAT HE IS HER SON. THE DIVINE SNAKES GUARD HIS FOOT AND HIS STEPS

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE

THE SWORD IS TIPPED WITH FLAMES AND SERPENTS—THE SYMBOLS OF DIVINITY MUCH USED IN PAGAN CULTS OF PRE-CHRISTIAN POLAND. ALL THE LITTLE FIGURES OFFER THEIR BEST TO THE FLAMES AND SNAKES. THERE IS THE PRIESTESS WITH MILK AND CHEESE; THE KNIGHT WITH A HELMET FULL OF HIS BLOOD; AND EIGHTH-CENTURY POLE WITH A FALCON CLUTCHING A MOTH IN HIS CLAWS; A FISHERMAN WITH FISH; A SIBERIAN; A YOUTH WITH NOTHING IN HIS HANDS TO GIVE

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE

SHOWING THE SERVANT, THE PRIESTESS WITH HONEY, THE POET WITH MANUSCRIPT,

THE MOUNTAINEER, THE LEGIONNAIRE, THE SHEPHERD, THE MODERN NONENTITY

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE GRASPING THE HANDLE OF THE SWORD, DEED. THE VEINS OF THE RIGHT ARM ARE ALREADY EMPTIED FOR THE BLOOD IS GONE INTO THE DEED WHILE REACHING FOR THE SWORD HE KNOCKS OFF HIS CROWN

BOLESLAW THE BRAVE

BOLESLAW

LEFT ARM OF BOLESLAW

VEINS CARRY THE BLOOD, TAKING IT FROM THE "SHOOTS" AND THE TRUNK (THE RACE AND THE TRIBES) WHICH ARE HELD TOGETHER ON HIS BELT. THE BLOOD GOES THROUGH THE HEART AND INTO THE RIGHT ARM GIVING FORCE TO THE "DEED"

FRAGMENT (BOLESLAW THE BRAVE)

RIGHT LEG, AND THE MITER ON THE BISHOP'S HAT WHICH IS IN THE SHAPE OF A DRAGON'S HEAD

POLONUS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

LEFT HAND OF BOLESLAW

FRAGMENTS (BOLESLAW THE BRAVE)

FRAGMENT (BOLESLAW THE BRAVE)

SHOWING THE PRIESTESS, THE POET WITH THE MANUSCRIPT, THE LEGIONNAIRE OF NAPOLEONIC WARS

PRIESTESS WITH THE HONEY

MOUNTAINEER WITH VIOLIN

FRAGMENTS (BOLESLAW THE BRAVE)

SIBERIAN EXILE

A MODERN POLITICIAN

FRAGMENTS (BOLESLAW THE BRAVE)

YOUTH WITH HANDS BOUND WITH A ROSARY

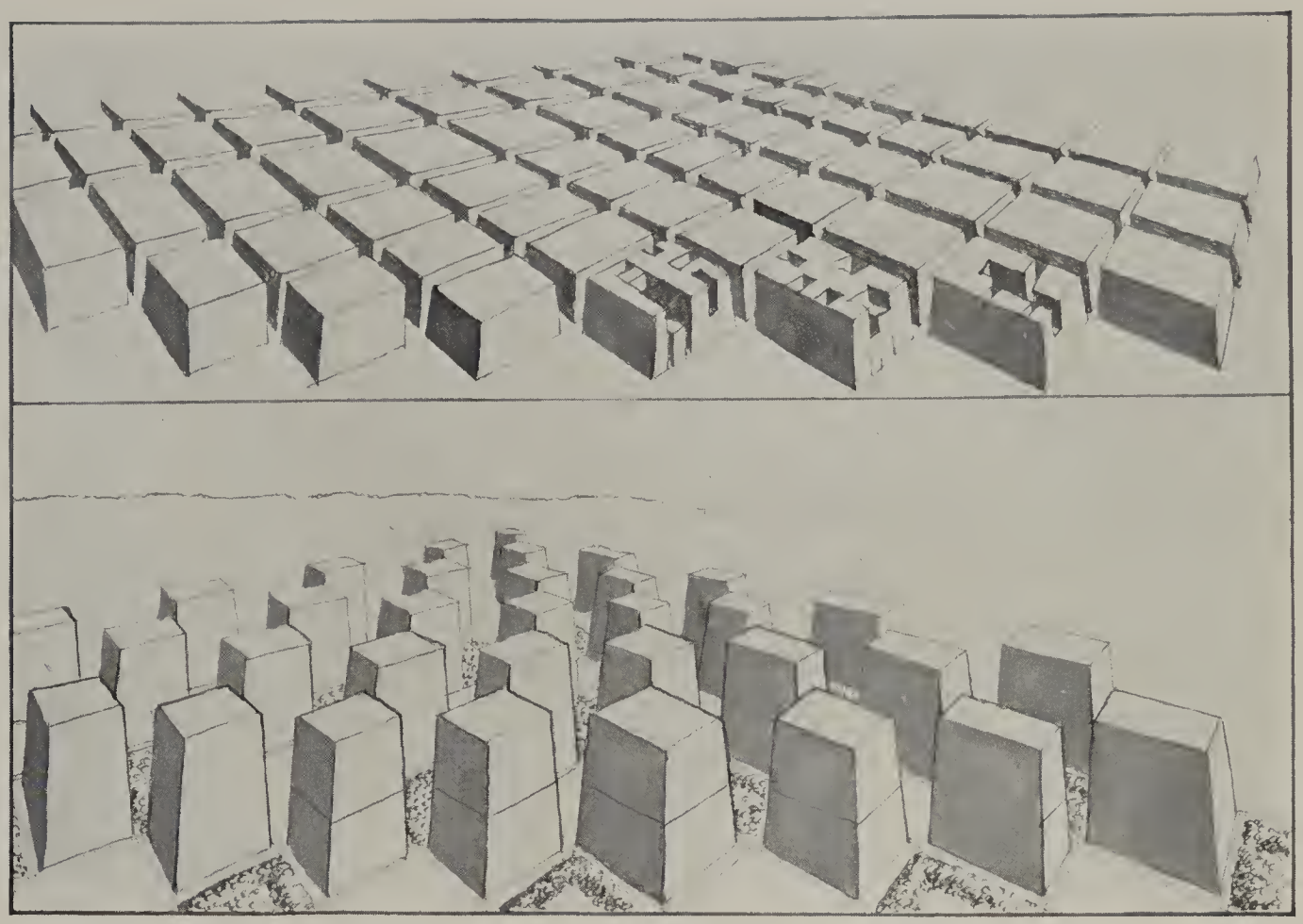
FRAGMENT (BOLESLAW THE BRAVE)

SHOWING PRIESTESS, POET, THE MOUNTAINEER, THE LEGIONNAIRE

THE END OF THE SWORD—DEED

CECORA

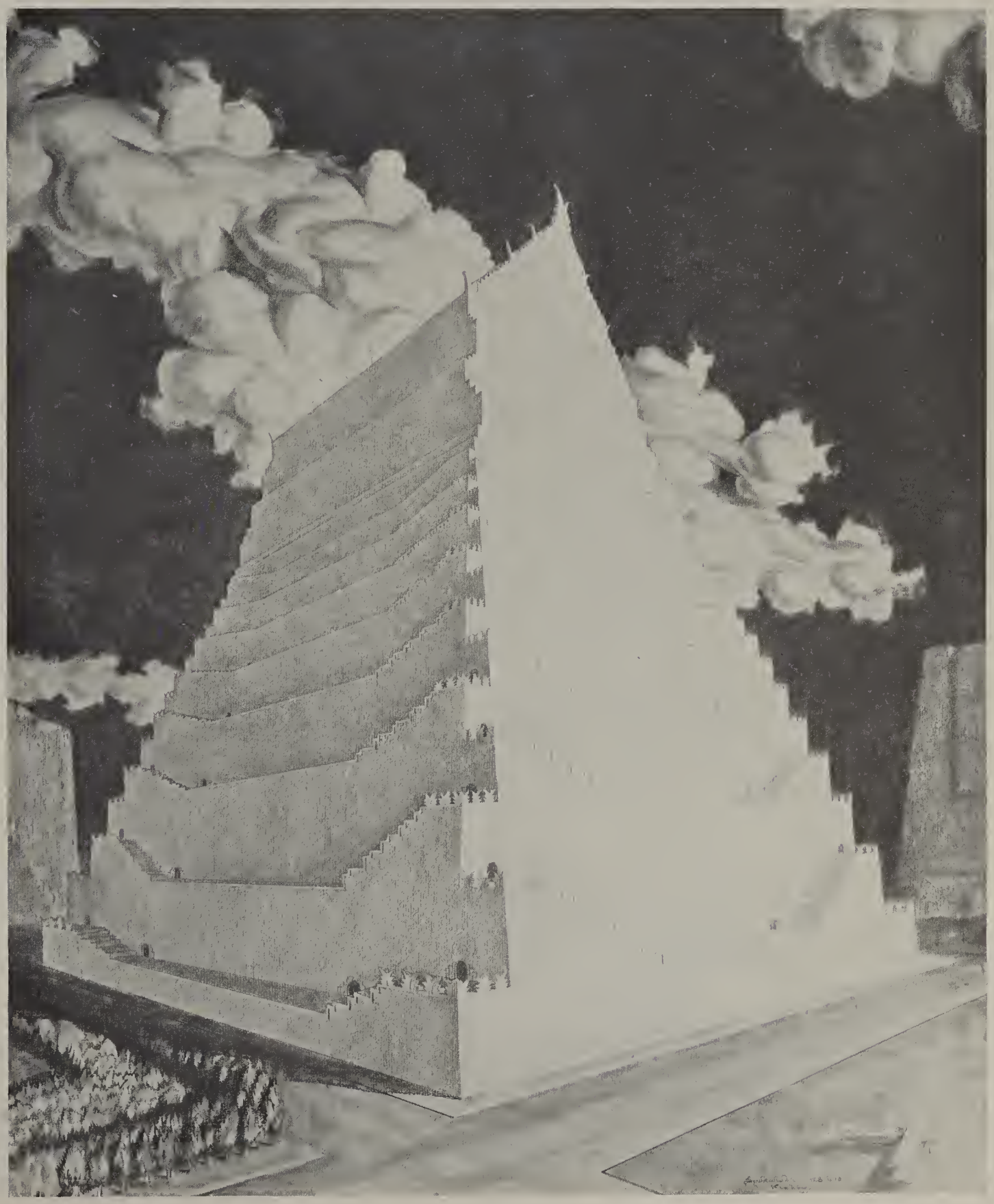
HEAD OF CECORA (MARBLE)



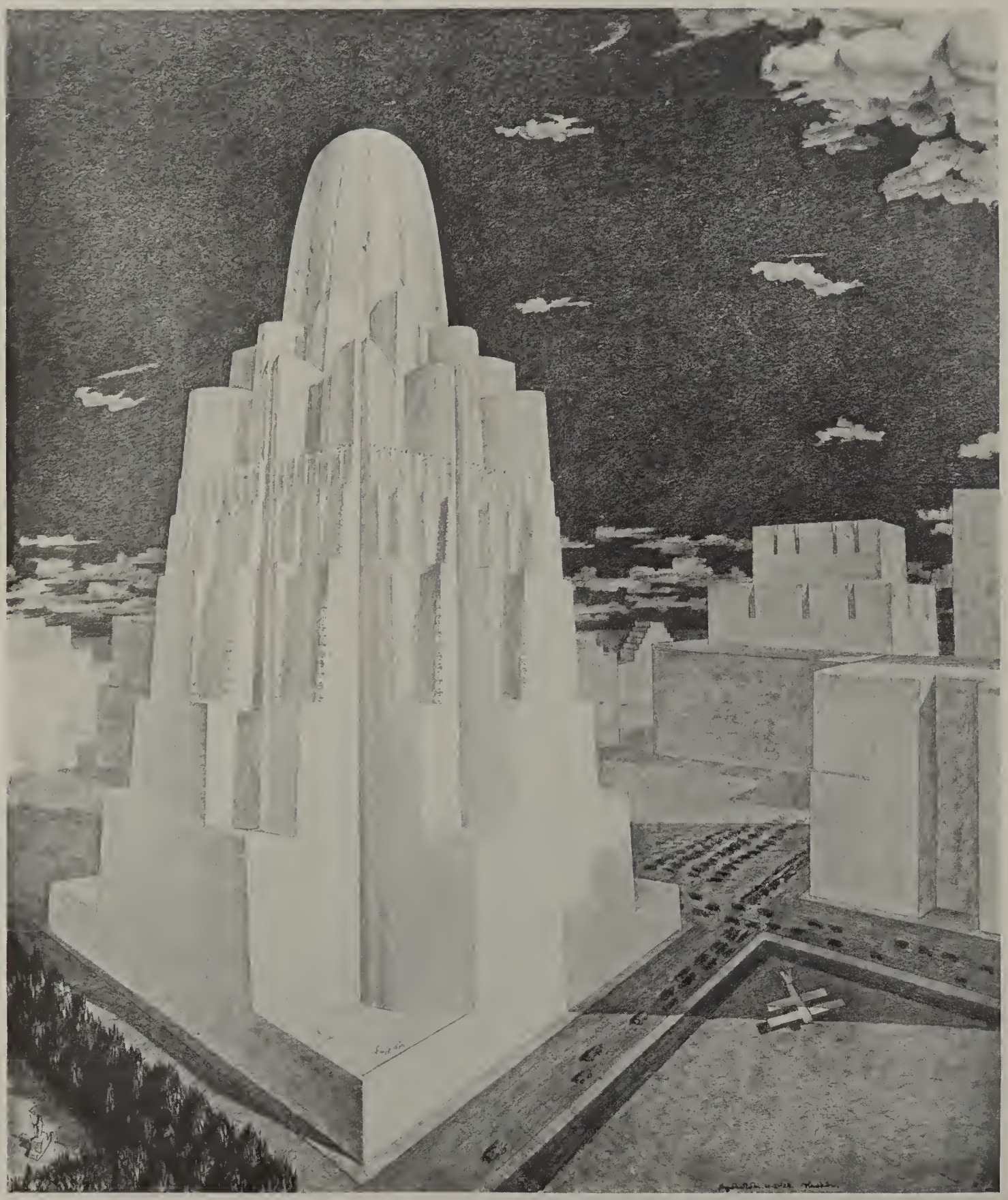
A PROJECT FOR A CITY

THE BUILDINGS THAT I PROPOSE ARE SET ON A SQUARE "BLOCK." EACH SECOND SPACE OF THE "CHECKER-BOARD" SYSTEM COVERS THE ENTIRE BLOCK, SO THAT THE OCCUPIED BLOCK OFFERS *ONE* SQUARE BLOCK FOR THE *FREE SPACE* YET EACH BUILDING HAS SIMULTANEOUSLY *FOUR* FREE SPACES FROM EVERY DIRECTION. THE FREE SPACES ARE GIVEN OVER TO PARKS, GARAGES IN THE OPEN AIR, AIRPLANE LANDING SPACES, AND SO ON. AS TO THE ECONOMY IN THE MATTER OF UTILIZATION OF THE SPACES, IT IS FAR MORE ECONOMICAL SINCE IT ELIMINATES THE UNNECESSARY WALL AND ACCOMMODATION SPACES WHICH OCCURS IF ONE SQUARE BLOCK IS BUILT UP BY A DOZEN STRUCTURES. SUCH BUILDINGS CAN BE ERECTED CO-OPERATIVELY. LITTLE ARGUMENT WOULD BE REQUIRED TO PROVE THE BENEFICIAL SIDE OF SUCH COMBINED ENTERPRISE, BECAUSE OF THE ELIMINATION OF UNNECESSARY WASTE SPACE, AS WE ECONOMIZE BY COOKING FOR MANY FAMILIES AT ONCE INSTEAD OF EACH SEPARATELY. THE PROPOSED CITY SYSTEM APPEARS TO BE SPACE-WASTING. IT IS PURELY AN ILLUSIONARY IMPRESSION. AT THE SAME TIME WE GAIN PARK, LIGHT AND AIR. WITH EACH BUILDING RECEDING TOWARD THE TOP, THE LANDING OF AIRPLANES COULD BE ACCOMPLISHED WITHOUT DIFFICULTY WITH THE GRADUAL IMPROVEMENT OF AERONAUTICS. ALSO EACH BUILDING COULD BE "SOLO" EDIFICE WITH INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER. AS IT IS APPARENT, EACH STRUCTURE IS CRAMPED IN BETWEEN OTHERS AND CAN SHOW ITSELF BY ITS FRONT ONLY. WHEN A BUILDING IS FREE ON FOUR SIDES IT LENDS ITSELF TO DECORATION—AND IT OFFERS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

PROJECT FOR A SOLO STRUCTURE

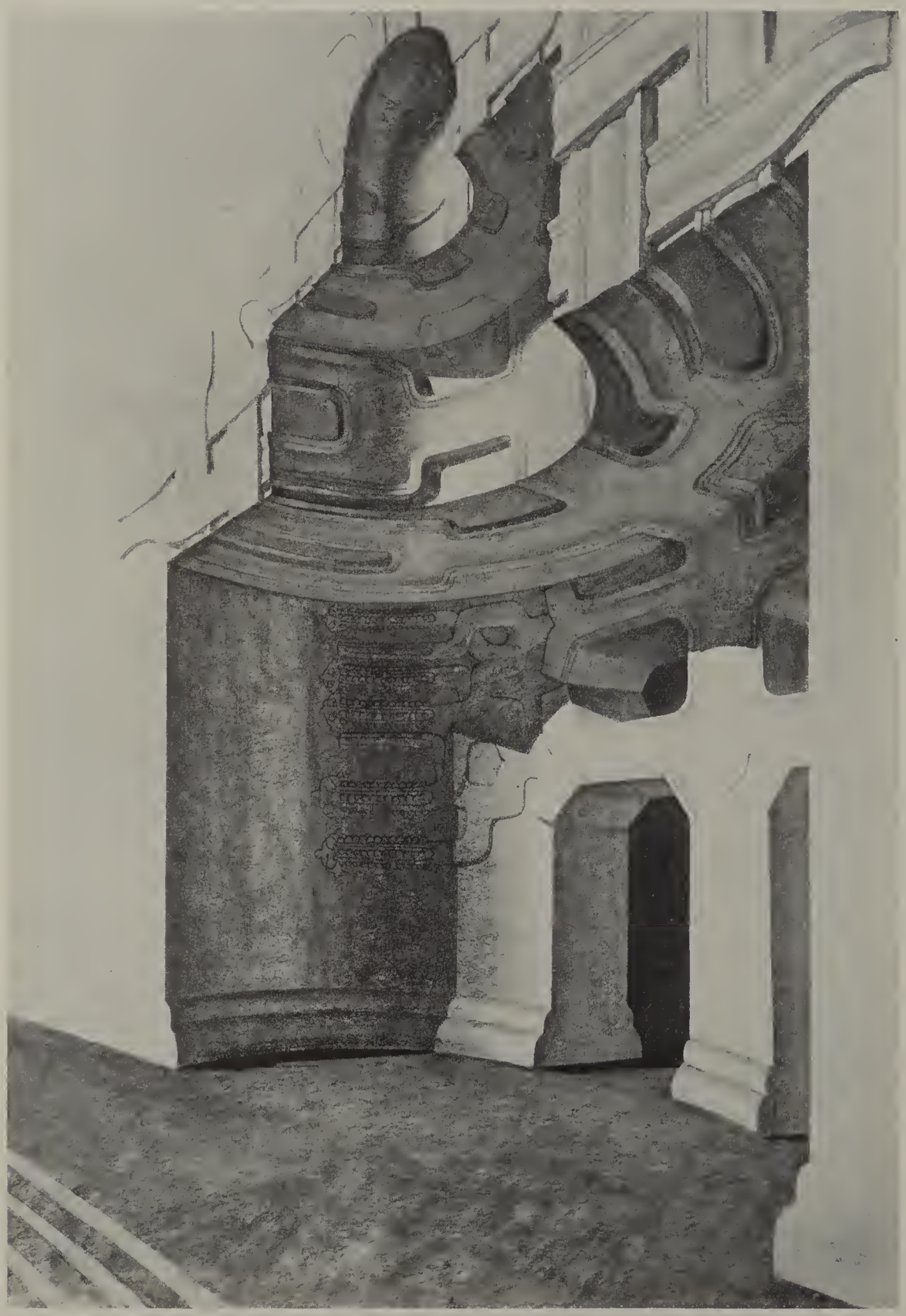


PROJECT FOR A SOLO STRUCTURE



PROJECT FOR A SOLO STRUCTURE

PROJECT FOR CONCRETE BRIDGE WITH SHOES OF STEEL



AN ENTRANCE TO A BUILDING

PROJECT FOR A MONUMENT TO MUSSOLINI

CONCEIVED ON THE DAY OF DEPARTURE OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS ZALEWSKI, OF POLAND, FOR ROME—A MOMENTOUS VISIT THAT WILL HAVE A GREAT SIGNIFICANCE IN THE FORMING OF THE NEW EUROPE

PROJECT FOR A FIGURE OF THANKSGIVING.

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